TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Rhine Romances and Roman History---No. 3.

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COLOGNE, the city of scents, has a reputation for more than one kind of perfume. Its drainage is of the surface sort and the smells are thus not all of the Eau de Cologne variety. The guide book tells us that the oft quoted lines of Coleridge are not now applicable, but they describe the lower and older parts of the town so much better than I dare try that I shall repeat them :

In Kohln, a town of monks and bones
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
And rags and hags and hideous wenches,
I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks!
Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

The city until lately was shut up within walls, and not being able to stretch out, the population, which is about the same as that of Toronto, was cooped up in a space much too small and without any means of getting rid of the sewage. The new parts of the city are fine but there is really nothing to detain the traveler except the magnificent cathedral, begun in the thirteenth century and completed about a year ago. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the gentleman who started the scheme was quite dead before it was finished; in fact, he was assassinated before the plans had been approved. Cologne, Coln, Koln, Kolen, Colen, spell it as you please, any way is right apparently, has had a hard trip from the early generations up, and the big meeting house has suffered numerous delays in building. The "debt raiser" of our times and country not being known amongst the clergy of Germany, a lottery and subscription were resorted to about fifty years ago, and this finest piece of Gothic architecture finished according to the original designs. It takes a good deal of perseverance to stick to a plan for nearly six hundred and fifty years, but that is the sort of people Germans are. The nave is four hundred feet long and one hundred and fifty feet high, and I pity the Cologne young man if he is at all bashful, when he has to stumble up that long aisle trying to find a seat for his first girl. I thought of this as I strolled in and remembered my first experience in taking a girl to church. It was in the country and of course I carried her parasol and wrap; we all do this even if we let them carry in the coal later on. On that particular Sunday evening the meeting house was crowded, the men, as was the custom, sitting on one side, the women on the other. I had traveled some twenty miles and had determined to break up this effete fashion. I marched in on the women's side of the house, followed by my divinity. I climbed over two or three seats in the aisle, the old ladies thereon rising up and glaring at me as if I had broken the whole ten commandments. I pretended not to care, but I did. I would have given away that girl's parasol and wrap and my Sunday clothes and a year's growth to have been out of the scrape. The church was not so long as this cathedral, but I stubbed my toe six times, and perspiration and confusion covered me all over. There was no place vacant on the women's side, though I had hunted up to the last seat. I turned to tell my angel to follow me over to the men's side. She was not in sight; with rare good sense she had taken a seat lower down which I had passed over because it would not hold us both. I had to walk nearly all the way back to the door on the whiskered side of the nave before I sank sadly into a crowded seat and heard something very much like a titter all over the house. She's dead now, poor girl; I wonder I lived through it myself.

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I have no morbid appetite for churches, but I enjoyed intensely the pleasure of gazing at the long, graceful lines of the Cologne cathedral. Although the pillars supporting the lofty dome are fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, their great length gives them a light and graceful airiness impossible to describe. On the outside one may stand for hours gazing at the acres of wonderful details worked into such a grandly harmonious whole and then wonder is but beginning to change into awe, so almost countless are the figures and decorations. I imagine that everybody with a sound, religious reputation who has died in Germany since the cathedral was begun, must be represented somewhere in the grand array of saints who are either carrying a cross or wearing a halo on the building. I shall not attempt to describe it. No one can feel that way without seeing the building, and, moreover, a fellow must stand and gaze and gaze and let it soak in before appreciation begins to set in, and by that time his neck will be nearly broken in two and he will have forgotten the way back to his hotel, and unless he knows more Dutch than I do, he'll have to wait quite a while before he finds any one who can tell him. The cathedral, I need hardly say, is Roman Catholic; there are not more than 15,000 Protestants in Cologne.

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The guide book says the treasury of the church contains the skulls of the Three Wise Men of the East—Gaspar, Melchoir and Balthazar. Next to the church, I think guide books beat the band for working up history. I had heard of the wise men of the East, and in Ben Hur names were given them, but I suppose I am betraying my ignorance in not knowing who was the exact historian to tell us all about it. However that may be, the skulls are here. The backs only of them are exposed to view, and they are set in precious stones in a way that your skull or mine will never be fixed. There are many more bones, but I had no wonder left when I came to them. It is an unfortunate thing when a sight-seer hasn't wonder enough with him to go round.

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Hotel Holland had the honor of entertaining us, and a very good place it is for those who intend going up the Rhine by steamer, as the wharf is at the hotel's back door. At nine o'clock in the morning we steamed up the swift river in the commodious side-wheel steamer Kaiser Wilhelm. It is about one hundred and fifty miles from Cologne to Mayence—or Mainz—and the fare is about $2.50—not very dear. Dinner, and a very good dinner too, is seventy-two cents, and wine and cigars are very reasonable. The scenery—until Bonn is reached two and a half hours later—is not quite as wild and romantic as that of the Humber, so we amused ourselves with our baggage and an attempt to capture more than our share of chairs. At Bonn we began to strike Roman history in the guide book, and I felt quite at home. In fact, it got exciting when at the same moment I discovered that we were passing an ancient town of the Ubii and that my young son was endeavoring to fall overboard. A love of ancient history runs in our family, and the youngster was evidently carried away, or would have been if I hadn't caught him. Christianity was introduced into Bonn A. D. 88, and is there yet as much as anywhere in this section. In 355 the town was destroyed by the Germans, but was rebuilt by Julian, who, as you remember, was Mayor of Rome. Charlemagne and the Archbishop of Cologne and Charles IV. and the Prince of Orange and Frederick II. and the Duke of Marlborough and the ex-Alderman and myself have all been at Bonn at various times. All except the last two are mentioned in the guide book, which will be revised shortly. Beethoven was born there December 17th, 1770, at No. 515 Bonn street. He is dead. Queen Victoria was there in 1845. By some oversight the burgomaster and the band were late getting down to receive us, and considerably huffed we refused to stay. I understand that there is a good deal of excitement over the burgomaster's carelessness, and as he comes up for re-election twelve years from next July, he will have a hard fight unless the feeling dies out in the meantime. There is said to be a good cemetery at Bonn.

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The oft sung beauties of Rhine scenery begin to display themselves at the entrance to the Heisterbach valley, where the quaint village of Dollendorf clusters—no, that is not the word—nestles at the feet of the hills. I was down at dinner at this point, but the situation of affairs as described may be relied upon. I saw the Drachenfels and liked them first rate. On the top of the Dragon's Rock is a fragment of a castle built by the Archbishop of Cologne in the twelfth century. It has long been in bad repair. According to the history of the Rhine the archbishops in the old times did more fighting than preaching. Standing aloft on a high, almost inaccessible cliff, the Drachenfels Castle must have tried the wind of the archbishop when he went home o' nights. Roman history retires for the time at this point and the legends of the Rhine take its place. In some respects I am even fonder of the legends than I am of Roman history, and very often one is quite as reliable as the other. A dragon, as might be gathered from the name, used to reside in the cavern in the face of the cliff. There is no doubt about this, as the hole can be seen from the steamboat to this day, or at least to the day when we passed it on the Kaiser Wilhelm. A Christian maiden, for some reason not stated, was thrown to this monster who retired before the sign of the cross. This portion of the experiment having been successful, though it seems to have been a rather tough experience for the young woman, Seigfried, who was probably related to A. Dozenfried, looms up. Just how long a time elapsed from the time she was thrown until he appeared, or whether she was a consenting party is not stated, but Seigfried went, or rather flew to her rescue. The Dragon, confused by so much good society and having no etiquette book handy, did not know how to act and was slain. Seigfried went in swimming in its blood and so became invulnerable. It is not stated whether he is still alive or if he married the girl, but the cave in the hill is ample evidence that the whole story is absolutely true in every detail.

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On the opposite side of the river and a little higher up is Rolandseck. On the hill at the back of the town an arch, the only visible ruin of the castle of Rolandseck, starts us all on the hunt for a legend. Here it is very well identified by the ruined arch. Roland and Hildegunde got acquainted in the romantic way much in vogue some centuries ago in the Rhine district. He was a knight and a nephew of Charlemagne, who it will be remembered was quite a leading man in his settlement. Roland while hunting for adventure and as was the knightly as well as nightly custom in these parts, demanded the hospitality of Heribut, who appears to have been a total stranger. Next morning he was introduced to Miss Hildegunde Heribut and it was a bad case of love at first sight with both of them, and he at once quit the wandering business, remaining at Drachenburg, the acknowledged lover of the young woman. It was not stated in the society papers of the time, when announcing his engagement, whether he paid his board or did the chores or helped the old man boss the peasants. Alas! the weekly newspaper was brought from the postoffice one Saturday night by a neighbor who had been in town with a load of grape cider, and things took a different turn. The Moors were devastating Northern Spain and even threatening France. Roland had to go, though parting with Hilde was painful in the extreme. He was smitten down by an Arab in battle and left for dead. Hildegunde was like to die when the news reached Drachenburg, and she joined the church almost immediately. After she had taken the veil Roland got back, but, of course, was too late; there would have been no legend if he had been in time. Broken with despair and grief and probably not entirely cured of the wound in his head, he lived in the castle of which the single arch remains, and watched the ladies of the cloister as they walked in the garden below. Finally, Hildegunde died and after the funeral Roland never spoke or smiled again, and soon after also died, still looking towards the spot where he had last seen the one he loved. From this pretty story it may be learned that the knight business was not all fun, and one at least of those who figured in the wars was true to his ladye love.

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The Rhine widens into a little lake and Apollinarisberg is pointed out on the left bank The name seemed familiar, and I looked at the place with many pleasant recollections which somehow hung around the word. It is noted for its gem of a Gothic church, and not far away is the Apollinaris Spring, from which is a mineral water that I fancy I have heard of before. The wharf near by indicates a big business, though it is said the spring will not supply England alone. Ruined castles become quite common as the steamer climbs up the swift river in a way one cannot but admire. She makes twelve and a half miles an hour against a current running almost as swiftly as the Niagara from Lewiston to the lake. At Arenfels there is a new castle with modern improvements and dungeons left out. These become less uncommon later on; the villas and palatial residences, together with lovely parks stretching down to the river, suggest wealth and taste much in advance of the romantic period. Every foot of mountain side which is not too steep to hold the laborer's foot is planted with vineyards, and stretching as far up the hillsides as the eye can reach are vines looking in their long rows like corn fields. The yield of the Rhineland vineyards must be enormous. It is the main if not the only crop. Though some localities produce better wine than others, all the Rhine valley is a vineyard and its people seem prosperous and happy amidst their little holdings or at work on some of the great estates.

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At Andernach we return to Roman history and with the prodigality of a wine country have legends thrown in as well. Drusus and Julian and Julius Cæsar frequented this section, and the latter had his wooden bridge at this point. The Jews were expelled in the sixteenth century, and have never returned to town. They used the bath-house, still in existence and once the property of the Romans, but whether this was the cause of their expulsion is not stated. That beautiful legend told by Longfellow in Hyperion had its origin at Andernach, which is certainly a charming place as seen from the steamer.

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One would hardly expect to see timber rafts on the Rhine, but they are quite numerous, and some of them several hundred feet long, though the logs are not much bigger than telegraph poles. A German gentleman called our attention to them and their great size. The ex-Alderman and myself took occasion soon after to mention that we had rafts in Canada which perhaps compared favorably with those grown elsewhere. I asked the ex-Alderman how large a raft he had ever seen, and with that low voice and modest air which so well become him and lead a listener to hearken and believe, he said he had never happened around when any real large rafts were passing. Perhaps the biggest raft he had ever noticed was not more than five miles long and two or three miles wide, but he had often heard of rafts two or three times as large and so constructed as to be from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet beneath the surface of the water. Quite oblivious of the astonishment depicted on the face of our German acquaintance, he asked me if I had ever seen any of the big rafts. I could hardly hold myself, it was so funny, and I turned the subject aside as too commonplace by mentioning that my experience was very much the same as his. It knocked our new neighbor cold. We have no old castles to brag about, but when they strike us on rafts or how to harvest grain the ex-Alderman and I can give them figures which make Canada sound prominent.

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Coblentz is not so large a city as Hamilton but its mountain arrangements are superior. The Moselle enters the Rhine here, and excursionists often follow that river and find, it is said, a fine line of scenery, romance and legend. Coblentz is strongly fortified, but as one is not safe in photographing such places or betraying undue interest in how they might be captured, I stayed by the ship. Ehrenbreitstein is alleged to be one of the strongest fortresses in the world, and is called the Gibraltar of the Rhine. It is three hundred and ninety feet above the river, and has cisterns capable of holding water enough to last the garrison through a three years' siege. Enormous sums, even of late years, have been spent on this vast fortress, but with the new engines of war I doubt if it would stand a modern siege half a day. Miles further up the river is the Castle of Marksburg. It is typical of those gloomy, dungeony, dreadful places where strength and evil are triumphant and misfortune and virtue are locked up or put in a hole to rot. Marksburg has the power, even from its distant eminence, to cast that damp, lonesome shadow over the traveler sailing safely past, that one often feels when going into a dungeon. Even the man who made the guide book must have felt this, as he says it is suggestive of all the horrors attendant on a castle in the dark ages, where secret passages and torture chambers exist in abundance. There is a pit into which prisoners are said to have been let down by windlass and chain, and it is even yet so chock full of their ghosts that a pin or pea dropped in crowds the place and makes the "onrestless" spirits moan. I am not excessively credulous, but anybody could stuff me full of blood-curdling yarns about the Castle of Marksburg. Until very recently it was used as a prison. I should rather be shot than suffer the pangs of being led a prisoner up to that ante-room of hell, even if I had but thirty days to serve.

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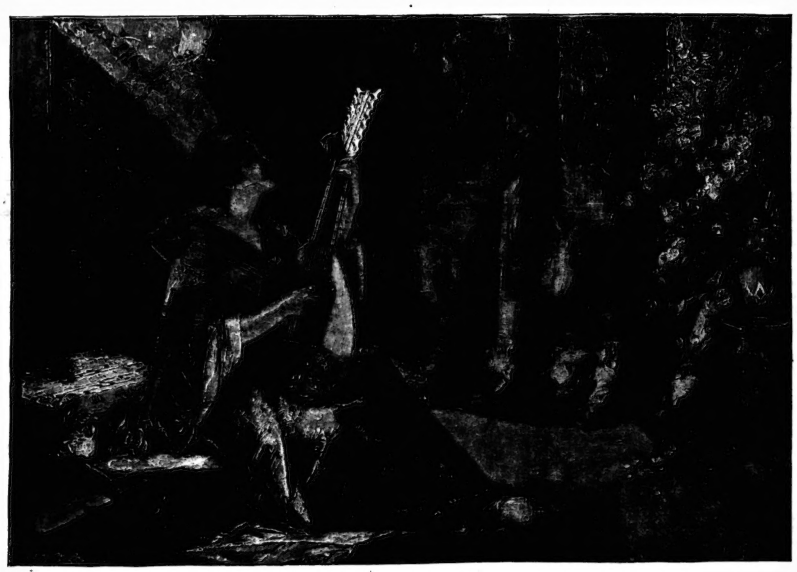
Farther up and close together are the castles of Sterrenberg and Liebenstein, known in Rheinish legend as The Brothers. The count lived in the Liebenstein, and had two sons and a foster daughter. Both boys fell in love with her, and Heinrich being the straighter and more desirable young man of the two, of course made the poorer lover. He chivalrously left the girl to his brother Conrad and went off to do some crusading. Conrad, when he had the girl all to himself, did not want her half so badly as he did before, but he arranged to marry her, his father in the meantime building the Sterrenberg castle for the young couple. This took so long that Conrad returned from one of his trips with a Grecian bride, and Hildegarde, between the two lovers, got left. The Grecian wife turned out to be a flirt and one night ran off with another fellow, and her husband had to advertise her. Then Heinrich came back, and instead of marrying Hildegarde and settling down he prepared to kill Conrad for his misconduct. The humiliated Hildegarde separated the combatants; the brothers became chummy again and she betook herself to a nunnery. It was fortunate that they had convents in those old days, when so many of the nice girls got their lovers, otherwise they



IN OLD JAPAN.

would have lived to be simply old maids, and somehow there isn't much romance in that. Not as much as there ought to be, for many of the sweetest and truest hearts are those that loved once and forever, but never possessed. Ah, indeed, where can such romance be found as in the unwritten lives of those who are so often, so rudely supposed to belong to the great army of the unloved or unloving? Certainly not in the annals of the boar-hunting knights or wassail-drinking women of the "chivalric ages."

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Castles and romances continue to dot the banks of the Rhine, and the pages of the guide book, for many miles. Silver, lead and copper works loom up mightily at Ehrenthal, the scenery is really grand, and the railway on each side of the river succeeds in creeping along through tunnels and cuts without materially disfiguring the natural beauties of the lofty rocky banks. Thurmberg Castle, known as "The Mouse," is soon succeeded by a somewhat smaller one, "The Cat." The knights used to play at cat and mouse in the good old days, and the spearing of a few peasants made the game quite as real as if the owners of the castles were of the feline family. The Castle of Rhinefels is one of the glories of the river, and being, perhaps, the grandest ruin of the lot, is worth cataloguing. It is a magnificent sight and helps work up the commonplace Canadian mind to something of a romantic pitch.

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The Rocks of Lurlei, four hundred and fifty feet high, are not in it, compared with plenty of our own scenery, but the stories of sirens who dwelt in the caves and swimming holes thereabouts have made the cliffs famous the world over. As boatmen tarried to listen to the warbling of these aquatic dames their boats went down, and the story was over. The "Seven Sisters" are rocky enough to properly represent the young women who listened not to love and by their prudish behavior angered the gods of the river, who turned them into stone. Their example was probably sufficient; the girls don't any more act that way along the Rhine.

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At Oberwesel the body of a child floated up stream against a current running six or eight miles an hour. The boy was crucified somewhere further down, and miraculously came up here to land. It is a very astonishing feat to be performed by a corpse, but it is a fact. A lovely church dedicated to the lad proves everything, and being in the style of the fourteenth century no more dates are required. A lonesome rock in midstream bears the Pfalz, which is weird enough to start a fresh ghost story every night. It has dungeons under the water such as are especially adapted to making prisoners rheumatic and short lived. No one even pretends to know what it was originally intended for, but for many years it was a common river toll house. When you enter the ladder is pulled up after you, and getting out without permission means falling off the edge on to jagged rocks. The tradition says a princess who refused to marry Emperor Henry IV. wedded another and went there to get acquainted with her first baby. This set the style and after that all Countesses Palatinate had to retire there for their accouchement. I'm sorry for the poor princesses of those days; it is about as likely a place to go in a time of trouble as the lighthouse on the island.

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The history of hangings and other feudal amusements continues to make the journey cheerful until the Mouse Tower, a picture of which forms the initial of this epistle, is reached. A bishop who hoarded up corn and burned some of his parishioners who wanted some, was eaten by mice in what is now a river toll house. Then comes Bingen where one sees

"The yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,
Fair Bingen on the Rhine."

We observed to one another that when we were wont—"wont" is the Rhine style of saying "were used to"—to recite this somewhat overworked piece of poetry at school entertainments, we never hoped to see the native place of the Soldier of the Legion who lay dying in Algiers. It is a lovely spot, and the little school book poem is tenfold sweeter to me now that I have seen the

"Vine-clad hills of Bingen,
Fair Bingen on the Rhine."

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Rudesheim of the famous vineyards and Johannisberg also renowned for its wine and castle, close the day. Night is settling on the rushing waters of the Rhine, and the eyes, tired watching the panorama of views, turn for relief towards the enormously fat purser with the gigantic uniform and happy face. He investigates the passengers to see if any one has failed to show him a ticket, and then plays with the baby. He is not nearly so terrible a fellow as he looks.

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In the gathering twilight we imagine mysteries of which we have not heard, and the swirling of the water and the stories of past ages and dragons and feudal warriors insensibly blend with the voices of the night. The stars come out and awaken in the heart the great problems of the unfathomable beyond, the mysteries of other worlds. Whispers come not from the past, but the future, and we wonder Why! Why are we here? Why is this struggle to know and see? Why are we far from the sweet, quiet home, the friends we love and trust, away from the voices which are music and happiness; away seeking for Something! For what! What does it matter? So soon it is all over, and not even a ruined castle nor broken shaft shall lead the passer-by to ask, "Who lived here?" No legend, no story a hundred years from now shall tell of this little band of pilgrims on the Rhine! At home forgotten, abroad unnoticed, yet we journey along idly seeing what has convulsed nations, jesting at the landmarks of a continent! What matters it? When we die we shall be no deader than the others! What matters it if it be the Drachenfels or a fifty dollar monument in Mount Pleasant? He or she who sleeps is beyond the reach of jeers or the sound of cheers! It is unimportant! I would take the use of a well leg for the balance of my life in trade for my lame one rather than give my name to the most conspicuous torture chamber on the Rhine; and to see those we care for "come to honor," as the wise man puts it, even if we know it not, should be recompense enough for the lameness and labor of our days.

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Here is Biebrich! We land here and crowd some hacks for Wiesbaden. The local hackman is a hustler, and I am one of more people in a hack than I ever was before. I helped tie a trunk on behind, and if it stays there I shall think the cunning I learned in fastening luggage on a mule has not deserted me. The piece of rope was short and the Saratoga massive, and as we roll along through four miles of gorgeously treed avenue I am torn up regarding that trunk and wondering if I could hear it fall should it take a drop! Finally we reach the Victoria Hotel. It is raining; it doesn't matter; the trunk is here and all the trunks are here, and rooms are to be had. Good night. DON.

Around Town.

Mysterious hints have been recently thrown out by some of the daily papers that astounding disclosures will be made during the next session of the Ontario Legislature. It is hinted that our government of truth and righteousness is so only in name and that the intended investigation will show that Ottawa and Quebec methods were to some extent practiced here. I have been exalting the English-speaking politician as essentially cleaner than his French brother, and confess to a feeling of alarm at these threatened exposures, for should they pan out well they will spoil a dear illusion of mine. It is a matter of racial pride with me that few of those implicated in the recent scandal ever had the moral laws recited to them in the English language. But if it is shown that the Ontario Government abused its power, purchased support and misapplied public funds, my theory will tumble about my ears with a deafening crash. To tell the honest truth people of all political beliefs have been fairly sure that the Ontario Government and its Opposition can compare for honesty with any two contending factions in the world. Most of us have an idea, perhaps, that Mr. Mowat makes signal use of his license system and rewards faithful servants with fat offices, but as the offices must be filled while they exist it is but natural that the dispenser of such patronage should think of his friends. Most of us, too, see faults and failings in the Opposition, and it is the habit to dub Mr. Meredith's following as a procession of noodles, but altogether this province has no reason, apparent to me, for being dissatisfied with its legislators. As honesty goes in politics, they are honest from the pew of the Premier to the furthest seat on the Opposition benches. This is of course without reference to the promised revelations of next session. Until the Government is revealed in the hideous deformity now said to exist under the artificial surface of sanctity so long worn, we may be pardoned for nursing the delusion that it is a very good government. It would require more than an ordinary scandal to upset the confidence of Reformers in Mr. Mowat. Unless something atrocious were proven his followers would dismiss it with the remark that he simply fought the devil with fire and that the Tories would do worse if given a chance. In Ontario, at least, there would be nothing to warrant this off-hand justification of Reform wrong-doing, but to such a pass have party politics carried us that a government can do most anything and live. Yet why should I say that party politics have carried us to such a pass, for when was it otherwise? Party politics are not a bit more hot and senseless now than ever before. In fact, there is an improvement, for the man who was once considered a despicable straddle-the-fence is now viewed as a respectable independent, whose approval politicians strive for anxiously.

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The most hopeful spirit in this country today undoubtedly reposes in the breast of the Montreal *Gazette* editor who believes good may result from the present political scandals through the attention they attract to Canada in Europe and elsewhere. He thinks these scandals give off a stench that the Old World cannot ignore, and once we fascinate the nose we will catch the eye of Europe and then the aforesaid eye will observe what a magnificent young country Canada is. That man should be happy who can look beyond present censure and disgust and see profit and benefit issue from the bitterest disapproval. The attention we secure and the fame we acquire by these scandals are of the morbid kind won by Guiteau and Birchall, who paid for the advertisement with their necks. I cannot see that our country can profit from the evil prominence it has gained in the minds of men in foreign parts any more than Quebec might profit by attracting the world's attention through becoming bankrupt. A business man likes to make himself talked of, for he fancies it improves his trade; but he does not care to be notorious as a crook, for he is aware that such notoriety is baneful. I have not much faith in the value of such attention as Canada may attract by astonishing the nostrils of Europe, and thus luring a comprehensive eye to view our good points. If a man is accosted by a horrid odor and searches its cause with his eyes, he is apt to detest the smell on its merits as a smell, whether it emanates from the putrefying carcass of a once beautiful bird of paradise or from the abode of a repulsive and very much alive polecat. He execrates the odor and avoids the vicinity of it.

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Canada attracted the right sort of attention when the Canadian Pacific Railway proved to the world that our route from Europe to the East saved half the time consumed in making the trip via the Suez Canal. The latter route occupies forty-two days and our own but twenty-one. The vast dealers of Europe, to whom time is indeed money, have seen it demonstrated that their communications can make the round trip by crossing Canada in the same time required for the single trip over the competitive route. This is a performance Canadians may well boast of and it is something that will surely cause the statesmen and mercantile princes of Europe and the East to pull down a map of the western hemisphere and search for Canada. They will say that a colony which built a railway of so great a mileage and so efficient in its service must be an enterprising colony, and that between its eastern and western termini must stretch a vast and fruitful country. Nor will it remain speculative with those who are led to consult maps. The route for mail and merchandise will be the one for travel, and the lines of travel invariably become peopled. Travelers may fly across the country at first without stopping, but this flight will not be so swift as to prevent the eye from seeing the wondrous richness of our untilled west. They will come again and others with them. I am not content to regard ours as "an alternative route to the east," for it has won a right to be called the one particular route to the east. When it becomes the regular line of travel from London, the western provinces of Canada will suddenly and from that very cause find themselves blessed with English favor—made respectable and deemed substantial because that through them lies the most important pathway commerce has yet discovered.

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Of course the committee appointed to conduct the Tarte enquiry could not agree upon a report. Few were so innocent as to suppose that three Tories and two Grits could agree, or rather would agree, when great partizan profit seemed possible in disagreement. The majority from the start had a predisposition to be kind to Sir Hector Langevin, and the minority was predisposed to be cruel. If any individual member of the committee commenced his duties intending to be impartially honest, political feeling was so quickly introduced by others that he became incapable of pursuing an impartial course. If the members had been numbered instead of named in the proceedings of the committee, a reader could have gathered the politics of each by his questions and his retorts. Politics were plastered all over the evidence and in the two verdicts there may not be a proper finding. We are left to form our own opinion or take a choice according to our party leanings. It seems clear that a minority, if really anxious to secure justice, should not stir up the prejudices of the majority, but recognizing the latter's ability to be unjust if inclined, should try to eliminate party feeling entirely. Neither should a minority outrage justice by asking more than is fair. For a majority to whitewash a guilty friend is no more of a crime than for a minority to begrime an innocent opponent. We hear much about the former crime and little about the latter, though the more prevalent of the two. Messrs. Mills and Davies were a belligerent minority from the start and nothing was sacrificed to win them into a friendly mood. A double report was a foregone conclusion, and each faction did its best to justify what it intended to say. As for me I am satisfied with the majority report, seeing that Sir Hector is shelved and that the rascals are to be proceeded against.

* * *

The Exhibition is every year becoming more important, in that it draws together people from greater distances. With stockmen it is among the two or three best known fairs in America, and to day large numbers of animals were moved from the show pens to the cars. American buyers: So far as agricultural stock is concerned the fair is becoming a mart, like the big shows in Scotland and the north of England. Some people think this a reproach against the Industrial, that exhibitors are looking to make sales, but the making of sales and the introducing of the man who breeds good stock to the man who does not, but desires to, is the great first object of having the fair. Or it is supposed to be, at least. It is not so long ago since the farmers of Ontario were trying to perfect scrub cattle—a gaunt, uncouth and hungry family, poor for beef and such eccentric milkers that one might give two quarts and the next six gallons per day. This is changed now and the change has been largely brought about by the fairs, where the exhibited enterprise of one man incited view ing hundreds to improve their stock. There is something eternally new in fairs. The long-haired man who used to stand at the door of a tent and call attention to the wild woman of Borneo inside, was there this year operating one of Edison's phonographs. How this triumph of invention came under the care of a wild man of the woods is a mystery that impressed me more than anything seen at the fair. ZEKE.

Social and Personal.

A very lovely house wedding was that of Mr. Hees and Miss Cora Reed, on Wednesday evening, which took place at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Joseph B. Reed of St. Joseph street. The floral decorations were original and beautiful, consisting mainly of palms, ferns and coleas. A novel arrangement was a pair of smilax gates sprinkled with roses, which opened on the threshold of the drawing-room. The wedding was at nine o'clock, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. D. J. Macdonnell. The bridal dress was of white and silver brocade, made in the latest mode of stately simplicity. The bridesmaids, five in number, were gowned in cream Bedford cord, with dainty pointed Louis XV. slippers and three-cornered hats. They carried bouquets of cream and crimson roses. The maid of honor, Miss Ella Gooderham, was followed by the Misses Kate and Bessie Hees, Miss Ursula Bowlby of Brantford and Miss Pauline Chapman of Bradford, Penn. Mr. Stephen Haas was best man, and four groomsmen, Messrs. James Wendell and John Miller of Oswego, and Messrs. Le Grand and J. Carl Reed, escorted the bridesmaids. Some of the wedding guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Albert and Miss Lily Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Irish, Mr. and Miss Love, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. and Miss Carrie Scales, Mr. and Mrs. J. Beatty, Dr. J. L. Davison, Mr. and Mrs. Croil, Mr. and Mrs. T. Smith of Chatham, the Misses Dyment of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. Millichamp, Mrs. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Dr. and Mrs. Strathy, Mrs. W. J. Mitchell, Mrs. and the Misses Phillips, Miss Ovens, Miss Robb, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hees, Miss Hees. Mr. and Mrs. Hees left on the eleven p.m. train for a tour of the eastern American cities, and on their return will reside on North street. The bride's going away gown was of camel's hair, with the fashionable dots of long silky hair on a ground-work of broken plaid. All the trousseau gowns were elegantly made and trimmed, and reflected credit on Stitt's clever dressmakers. Among them I noticed a delicate mauve evening dress of sicilienne trimmed with a border of mauve ostrich feathers, a trained white satin dress, also garnished with soft plumes, a dainty silk and lace costume in black, sparkling with jet cabuchons, and a delightfully soft and cosy opera wrap trimmed with a deep fleecy border of goats' hair fringe. The bridal gifts were unusually chaste and beautiful, and consisted of: From the parents of the bride and groom, two courses of sterling silver forks and spoons, Limoges dinner and dessert set, gold comb, library chair and piano; Mr. J. Carl Reed, diamond marquis ring; Le Grand Reed, gold link bracelet; Miss Hees, Dresden china candelabra; Miss Bessie Hees, cut glass fruit dish; Misses Bowlby, royal Worcester ornament and serviettes; Miss Chapman, gold ice cream knife; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Croll, silver ladle and sugar spoon; Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Smith, Limoges fish set and silver epergne; Mr., Mrs. and Miss Mitchell, Doulton vase and jardiniere; Mr. and Mrs. Scales silver jewel box; Mr. and Mrs. S. Beatty, pair of Italian pictures; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Murray, ivory screen; Mrs. Bacon, rosewood table; Dr. Davison, bronze statuettes; Miss Dyment, Doulton plates; Miss Wendell, gold bon-bon spoon; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Limoges after-dinner tea set; Mrs. and Miss Love, silver fruit spoons; Mr. A. B. Craig, New York, case of souvenir spoons; Mr., Mrs. and Miss Millichamp, Doulton vases; Mrs. Dr. Richardson, Royal Worcester vase; Mr. R. W. Love, silver fish knife; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Gooderham, Doulton vase; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Crown Derby tea set; Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, jardiniere and picture; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Nelson, Doulton plate; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fisher, silver pudding dish; Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Carter, silver gong; Miss Carrie Scales, Doulton vase; Messrs. G. Bray and Bert Cowan, set Limoges plates; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Morse, silver ladle; Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Montreal, silver fruit dish; Mr. C. F. Bliss, silver butter knife; Mr. C. W. Beatty, set coffee spoons; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Scadding, silver coffee service; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Buck, silver pudding dish; Miss Crean, amber jewel box; Miss Robb, Doulton vase; Mr. Norman Dick, silver teapot; Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, water color; Mr. H. Ketchum, Dresden vase; Miss Fraser, Japanese teapot; Reverend Mother Antionette, white satin cushion; Miss Clark of St. Louis, gold sugar sifter; Mr. C. A. Simpson of New York, silver sardine knife; Messrs. C. C. and F. M. Gray, silver salad fork and spoon; Miss Sinclair, handworked sachet; Mr. A. D. McArthur, venison carvers; Miss F. Ovens, silk sachet bag; Mr. and Mrs. Dyment, silver bonbon set; Mr. and Mrs. Mudge of Montreal, bronze lamp; Mr. and Mrs. O'Malley, brass window stand; Mr. and Mrs. J. Anderson, double set carvers; Mrs. Ovens, silk scarf; the Misses Phillips, Limoges cocoa pitcher; Mr. A. C. Snider, ivory pictures; Mrs. Crean, silver ladle and vinaigrette; Mr. H. C. Pease, china fruit stand; Mr. A. W. McKenzie, parlor kettle and stand; Mr. and Mrs. M. McFarlane, sticking; Miss Crawford, silk quilt, Mr. G. Crean, sepia drawing; Mr. and Mrs. Crump, silver soup tureen; Messrs. H. and E. Mitchell, cut glass pitcher; Mr. Ridley, Limoges salad bowl; Messrs. Mullen and Lewis, Bradford, Dresden figures; Mr. W. Cowan, placques; Mr. W. Thompson, cut glass decanters; Mr. Cherry, tripod; Mr. and Mrs. S. Beatty, Austrian vases; Mr. McPhillipps, cut glass decanters; Mr. Montgomery, oil paintings; Mr. A. F. McPherson, carvers; Mr. A. Staples, hat pin; Miss F. Carrier, silver spoons; Mrs. Robins, embroidered center piece; Mr. Stephen Haas, onyx table and silver lamp. The bridegroom's present was a pair of solitaire earrings.

*

Miss E. Spry of Barrie has recently been the guest of Mrs. George J. Mason, 253 Wellington street.

*

Mrs. L. O. P. Genereaux will be At Home to her friends after September 1 at 8 Walmer road, Fridays.

*

Rev. Scott Howard and Mrs. Howard returned from England on Monday last.

*

St. George's Church, Ottawa, on September 9, was the scene of the marriage of Mr. W. Carruthers Little of the Post Office Department to Miss Mabel Ross, daughter of the late LeBreton Ross, by Rev. J. M. Snowden. Miss Galwey acted as bridesmaid and Mr. LeB. Ross as best man. The invited guests afterwards attended the wedding breakfast at the house of the bride's father, at the conclusion of which the happy couple took the train for Boston on their wedding tour. They received many presents. Admirers of good cricket hope that Mr. Little will not forget about his loved game, as both his presence and playing are most welcome. Best wishes.

*

On Saturday last Mr. and Mrs. W. Revell of 618 Ontario street celebrated their silver wed-

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Swede Mousquitaire Gloves

In all the newest shades.

Special Lines in Glace for Fall Wear

Derby Gloves, Ladies' Driving Gloves

Our Dressmaking and Millinery Department

is now open with a full line of all the latest novelties. We are showing some very elegant materials for

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BEHR BROS. "
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It can be used on pianos or fine cabinetware of any description without injury. In large stone bottles.

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Between You and Me.

HOW many weddings take place just at this time of year! I heard a discussion about why it is so. It is the bride who fixes the date in the majority of cases, though her decision is supposed to be subject to revise on due persuasion by an impatient male man. "It is purely a matter of gowns, my dear," said my knowingest married friend. "No one wants to be married when a season is half over and one's gowns must either lie by for a little, or one must buy for two seasons. Therefore, the women like being married in September and the beginning of October when the heavier goods are fairly on the market and the coming winter's styles decided upon by that impalpable essence called *la mode*." To my mind the June wedding is the one most appropriate to the heydey season of youth and love's young dream, and the autumn festivities to the more, even *slightly* more advanced candidates. The June bride, in her bower of Marguerites, ferns, cowslips and white violets, should be young and pink and blushing: the more mature sister should stand amid white asters and dahlias and the stateller growth of the garden. And the widow—ah, she who is such a complex bride—should not midwinter, when romance of timid flowers and gaiety of crimson blushing leaves are put past, be the season of her rekindling of the extinguished hymeneal torch?

A feature of autumn weddings is that they are to be color weddings, says a fashion authority. All blue, all pink, all yellow, or one of the new and fashionable shades in the modish world. A late one was pink; the bridesmaids' dresses and bouquets, the ushers' *boutonnieres*, the flowers and hangings in the reception and breakfast rooms, the shades of fairy lamps and the faintly tinted invitation stationery were all modestly blushing in the same becoming shade. The bride's going away dress and hat were tinged with the rose flush amid a delicious gray.

We have heard a good deal about the Fresh Air Fund and the little ones who have been benefited by its frequent outings, and the heart and pocket of the philanthropist have been opened for the giving of pleasure and health to our city juveniles, and now the cold weather is coming and the Fresh Air Fund goes away to hibernate until next summer. But I don't think it should. There is use for a fund of fresh air all the winter long, but it is in the homes of the well to do or the wealthy, instead of among the squalid haunts of the Arab or the pauper. Don't you know those over-heated and stuffy reception rooms, where the afternoon tea simmers and the cheek glows feverishly, or those heavy laden atmospheric regions where the gospel is preached and disease nurtured twice every Sunday? I am often wroth about the lack of ventilation in some of our city churches, where we sit and fan and struggle to inflate our lungs with air already used up and made injurious to them; where the hot and enervating draught surges up from the furnaces and meets the scent of a hundred stale perfumes and the odor of twice a hundred recently masticated meals. Please good churchwardens, elders, sextons, whoever ye be in power in this matter, let us have a Winter Fresh Air Fund, and I, for one, would cheerfully subscribe to benefit my own self.

Some time ago I told about the impressions produced on me by all and sundry the restaurants of Toronto, but one evening at the Exhibition this week I took part in a wild scramble for sustenance, which transcended all my previous experiences in that particular time. We had just been sensationally tickled by the descent of the aeronaut into the lake instead of on dry land, and in the excitement produced by this *contretemps* we determined to have tea. "Where?" asked the other one. "There," said I, pointing to the tent surrounded by three lines deep of hungry mortals and redolent of pancakes frying and steaks broiling. We got just behind a very large fat man, as when he left we calculated there would be room for two small people of our build. He did not leave for a very long time, and then our appetites almost forsook us, keen as they were, at the spectacle we beheld. Cooks, dishwashers, pancakes, butter pats, coffee slops and broiled steaks, smoking lard and frizzling meat.

One waiter kept up a continual chaff with the starving multitude and another nibbled a corner from a very black piece of tobacco, which he seemed to much enjoy. After a long while a cup of tepid coffee and an iron-bound steak rewarded our patience, and never shall I forget the elbowing, shouting, perspiring crowd among whom we ate it. Here and there a well known face, slightly scandalized at the turmoil, greeted us with derisive condolences or unrestrained mirth. I laughed outright when the tobacco waiter swooped down on my coffee and carried it away, but after a reprimand he brought another cup, hotter and stronger, so that I made no lamenting. These are the experiences one has at the Exhibition if one finds it necessary to dine in that delectable quarter. Ah me! Surely one pays enough, and the management profit enough by their visitors to treat them a little less like pigs at a trough. As for the sanitary arrangements, they are in quantity and quality a shame and a disgrace to any place laying claim to common decency and should not be tolerated for another season. Better a thousandfold the matter-of-fact coolness of our continental friends which raises the American cry of immodesty, than the abominations which under the name of toilet conveniences disgust lady visitors at the much vaunted Toronto Industrial Exhibition.

That was a pretty romance which took place a little while ago in far off Asia Minor, though you may not agree as to the good taste of the heroine. It reads like an old time story. Miss Kate Greenfield was reported as missing and was said to have been abducted by a Kurdish chief, Aziz by name. Beside the soda-watery sounding name, Az'z would probably possess a number of habits and customs which you or I would condemn in a gentleman, and which I believe are the *a la mode* among the Kurds. But though the powers that be interfered and rescued Miss Greenfield and put her in the governor's house, after three hours' inquiry into the why and wherefore, she finally astonished the ministers by remarking: "I love Aziz, and I am a Musulman!" All persuasion was fruitless to induce her to change back to her mother church and her father's house, and though the chronicle does not enlighten me, I am disposed to think that the wilful maiden got her own way, or more properly speaking, her own Kurd!

A new departure is visible at the dog show this year, where Miss Whitney judges the merits of St. Bernards and Pugs. It appears that this lady has taken particular note of the first mentioned noble breed in their own native home in the Alps, and therefore can talk ahead of all the mere men judges as to St. Bernards. I can hardly fancy her taking an equal interest in the hideous pets affected by the ladies of the *beau monde*. One's taste for Pugs would surely be deteriorated after an intimate acquaintance with the sagacious and philanthropic creatures whose name is a synonym for faithful and courageous service.

Have any of my readers ever visited Norway and Sweden? The circumstances quoted below seem to point to the Vikings as pleasant hosts. I think I'd like to visit them. "Nothing can exceed the attention paid to tourist visitors in Norway. 'When staying at Mysteun,' writes one of them, 'I placed outside my bedroom door to be cleaned a pair of boots, the soles of which were a little broken. In the morning I found them not only polished but re-soled.' Moreover, a lady of his acquaintance, who was not so particular as some people about the 'get up' of her underlinen, had it removed and washed for her. This last seems not only an act of politeness, but, since cleanliness is next to godliness, a moral lesson."

LADY GAY.

We Two.

For Saturday Night.

A gulf so dark, so deep, so wide
Between us yawns, when side by side
And heart to heart, as hand to hand
Together should we only stand;
And when we meet I may not lay
My hand in yours and softly say
"Be true!"

Yon silvery star, high in the sky,
Seems nearer far to you than I;
And yet in every passing breeze,
In every murmur of the trees
Your voice I hear: "Hope on, sweetheart!
There's Heaven above! God will not part
We two!"

NORA LAUGHER.

An Imposition.

Attendant (in art gallery)—You must leave your umbrella at the door, sir.

Mr. Greene—Leave my umbrella here? Young man, I'd think, bein' as you're hired by a art gallery you might have more sense about art. If I don't have my umberel how 'm I goin' to point out the beauties of the pictures to my darters?—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Pa's Definition.

Jimmy Dobson—Pa, what is an amateur angler?

Dobson—An amateur angler, my son, is a man who can't lie well enough to make a living out of it, but just enough to keep himself amused.—*Lawrence American.*

Fall Opening, 1891.

We beg to advise you that our semi-annual opening will take place Tuesday, September 22. Miss Johnston has just returned from Europe with a full line of the latest novelties in Dress Goods for Street, Carriage, Evening and Bridal Trousseau. French Millinery—the newest novelties in Hats and Bonnets. We extend a cordial invitation to you, and trust to be favored with your presence. Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King Street West, opposite Rossin House, Toronto.

Fall Millinery

Miss Stevens, 251 Yonge St.

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Mourning Goods in the Latest Style

Fans and Perfumes, New Veilings

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Ladies will find it an advantage to inspect our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING

MISS PATON'S rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the fall and winter styles and modes. The latest French, English and American fashions. An early visit and inspection invited.

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MISS SULLIVAN

Late of W. A. Murray & Co.

Artistic Dressmaking

76 COLLEGE STREET

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S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

"C. V.," "P. N.," "R. G.," "C. P."—don't take these as jewelery to any one's name. They're simply the names given to some of the best made Corsets that find place on the counters of this store. The "C. V." is an American corset that is made up with remarkable taste in a becoming drab, and is to prove a "leader" in the corset corner. It ought to—at 69c. In these days of dress reform the Hygeian waists, now with us in sizes for children, misses and ladies, will prove a desirable purchase with not a few.

Genuine C. P. Corset $1.25.

The underwear department is showing a select stock of pillow shams.

Pillow Shams, Cambric frill, 90c.
Pillow Shams, tucks, $2.25.
Pillow Shams, trimmed with lace, $2.50.
Pillow Shams, Irish linen, hand embroidered, $2.50, $2.75.

The babies—where's the home without one? Something pretty for them. Infants' shawls, embroidered with silk, $1.40

Infants' Robes, trimmed with lace and embroidery, $1.25.
Infants' Robes, nainsook embroidered, $3, $3.25.

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This season we have imported an enormous range of these jackets, believing that we have got the correct and much wanted range of sizes.

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Misses' Reefers
Ladies' Reefers

See our Embroidered Chiffon at 75c. per yard. It beats everything shown, and the 54 inch to match for evening dress.

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RAIN!

"Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer."

The rainy season is fast approaching. Prepare to withstand the inclemencies of the weather by providing yourself with a garment that is waterproof, that will not come apart at the seams, that will not become hard, and is odorless.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Mackintoshes made to order on one week's notice at the

GOODYEAR RUBBER STORE

12 King Street West

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SPECIAL NOTICE

The public will find my establishment the best and cheapest place in the city for

Fine Fur Goods

Seal Garments a Specialty

Perfect Fit Guaranteed

99 Yonge St.

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D. GRANT & CO.

WILL SHOW ON MONDAY

400 NEW PATTERN MANTLES

Bought At 25 per cent. Discount

40 PIECES NEW SEALETTES

Extra Value

Magnificent Display of Millinery

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Armand's Hair and Perfumery Store

441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street

Telephone 2491

Largest and Handsomest Hair Goods, Hairdressing and Perfumery Establishment in America.

HAIR GOODS

Of all kinds for fashion, convenience, protection from cold in the head, or necessity, constantly on hand or made to order. Frontpieces and Waves of new styles, Toupees and Wigs for ladies and gentlemen.

SWITCHES

All long hair, in separate branches, in great variety.

Ladies and Children's Hairdressing, Trimming and Shampooing, Hairdressing for Balls, Concerts, Weddings, Photos, etc.

(Elegant Hairdressing Parlors.)

Select stock of fine Hair Ornaments. Large assortment of fine Perfumery and Toilet Articles for ladies and gentlemen.

Capillerine for destroying superfluous hair, best remedy in the market, $1 50; sent by post, securely sealed, $1 50.

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Densoline Toilet Soap, made from Pure Petroleum Jelly, a perfect cure for all Skin Affections

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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.

It did not take Lord Alceston long to make up his mind as to what course to adopt. Dropping the match which he had been holding upon the ground, he strode up to the door and leaned his shoulder against it.

"Whoever you are," he cried, "you had better come out and let me see you. If you don't I shall burst the door."

There was no answer, save a stifled moan. Lord Alceston planted his feet firmly upon the ground, and prepared for the struggle.

"I warn you to stand aside," he called out. "I am going to have this door open."

Again there was no answer. Lord Alceston wasted no more time in parleying. Setting his teeth he commenced the struggle.

He did not find the task of overcoming his unseen adversary quite so easy as he had expected. For nearly a minute he put forth his whole strength, but his feet slipped more than once on the damp, slippery ground, and when he had been on the eve of success he had lost his advantage, and had been obliged to make a fresh start. The labored breath and groans of his adversary told him that he was in sore distress, but nevertheless he held on, and though the door creaked and trembled with the strain put upon it, it never budged an inch.

Breathless himself, Lord Alceston relinquished his efforts, and after a moment's consideration changed his tactics. Stepping back into the room, he took a few yards' run and charged the door with irresistible force. The result was an unexpected one. The door went before him with a crash, and he not being prepared for such an easy victory, overbalanced himself and fell heavily upon it.

He picked himself up at once, unhurt, but a trifle dizzy. The reason of his fall was obvious. The opposing force which had been holding the door up had vanished. His adversary had fled.

He stood quite still for a moment, leaning forward in the darkness and listening intently. At first it seemed to him that the silence was as the silence of the grave; then as his senses grew a little more accustomed to his surroundings, he could faintly hear the sound of stealthy retreating footsteps.

His first impulse was to leap forward in the direction from which the sound came and follow it in blind pursuit. Then he hesitated. He was in black darkness, unrelieved by a single gleam of light. Feeling hastily in his pocket he found his match box—fortunately full—and striking one, held it high over his head.

He glanced around in hasty curiosity. The faint, flickering light was just sufficient to show him the bare, damp walls of a winding passage about six feet broad, and scarcely so high—nothing else. After a momentary glance he threw the match down, and stooping low to avoid knocking his head against the roof, he turned and hurried in the direction of the fleeting footsteps, now almost undistinguishable.

It was a chase which he remembered all his life—and with reason. More than once he missed his footing on the wet, slimy earth and fell forward on his hands. But the sound, now plainly to be heard, of the hurrying footsteps in front, was enough to spur him on again, heedless of his aching limbs and cut hands. He ran into the jagged wall a sharp corner, bruising his face and arms, and at times he felt almost choked by the noxious air. But he never dreamed of giving up the chase. So far from that, every fall seemed to make him more eager and to lend him renewed strength.

Beneath a somewhat careless and *insouciant* manner, acquired during his travels abroad, Lord Alceston was a thorough Englishman, and was possessed of a bull-dog tenacity of purpose. All this part of his character came now. Anger and surprise had become merged in another and a stronger feeling. There had been a conspiracy to deceive him. His property was being made the refuge of one who dared not live in the light of day—who was presumably a criminal; and, most heinous offence of all, his permission had not been asked! The shelter of his roof had been taken advantage of by stealth! Lord Alceston was very angry indeed. Danger and discomfort were alike forgotten. There was only one thought in his mind, and one purpose; and he meant accomplishing it.

Suddenly, the intense vault-like stillness of the place was broken by a strange, awful sound reaching him, faintly at first, but increasing in volume at every step forward he took. There is a sensation akin to fear, yet apart from cowardice—awe. Lord Alceston felt it as he paused and listened with bated breath. At first it sounded like the low rumbling of a threatened earthquake; like the thunderous splitting up of hills and mountains, and the parting asunder of the solid earth. As he listened, however, he became aware of a certain regularity in the sound—now rising, now falling, rising with a mighty, increasing roar, and dying away with a weird, unearthly moaning, which seemed to him like the most dismal sound he had ever heard. He stood quite still for a moment, listening intently. The ground beneath his feet was soft and wet, and just in front was a deep, black puddle. The walls, too, which he stretched out his hands and felt, were glistening with drops of wet which seemed to be oozing out from them. His eyes, now more accustomed to the deep gloom, began to distinguish objects more plainly. He put his foot on a soft, pulpish substance, and saw that it was a starfish clinging to a mass of dull, brown, dank seaweed. Then the truth flashed in upon him, and he understood at once that low rumbling sound which seemed to make the walls of the passage shake and groan. This underground passage must lead to the sea!

He paused on again without hesitation. Drowned in the monotonous roar which was singing now in his ears, he had no longer the sound of the footsteps in front to encourage him. But a few more yards along the passage brought him within measurable distance of the end of his quest. Far away before him was a faint, dull gleam of gray light, scarcely light perhaps, but, at any rate, a lessening of the intense darkness. He pushed on towards it with fresh vigor.

As he reached it, it seemed to him to grow no larger, and presently he saw that the passage contracted at this point into an opening scarcely wide enough for a man to creep through. He tore off his coat and waistcoat, and without a moment's pause crawled through. Then he saw that he could go but a little further, for scarcely a dozen yards in front of him was another wider opening like the mouth of a cave, and beyond there was the sea.

Lord Alceston stood upright and looked eagerly around him. In the dusky semi-twilight it was hard to make out at all the shapeless objects which loomed about him. By degrees, however, as his eyes grew more accustomed to the light, they stood out clearer, and he began to take in his surroundings. He was in a cave, a low, sea-stained cave terminating in the aperture by which he had entered. The sides were dripping with wet, and the ground, strewn with sea-weed and dark puddles, showed him that at high tide the sea entered. Several huge mounds of rock jutted up by his side in queer, fantastic shapes. Save for the dripping of the water into the puddles, from the roof and sides of the cave, and the more distant ebb and flow of the sea, a deep, gloomy silence seemed to brood over the place. Nowhere was there any sign of any human being.

He had already taken one hasty step forward towards the entrance, when a curious phenomenon presented itself. From behind one of the masses of rock, on his left hand side, he became suddenly aware of a pair of bright glistening eyes fastened upon him. At first he was almost inclined to think that they were a fish, but while he hesitated the dark, thin figure of a man stole out from behind the shelter of the rock, and darted towards the aperture of the secret passage. Before he had taken half a dozen steps, however, Lord Alceston's right arm was wound around his neck, and he felt himself jitted bodily from his feet.

An unearthly cry rang, rang out into the silence, and was echoed back from the roof and sides of the cave till it died away in a plaintive wail—a cry which seemed to come from a soul in agony rather than from any mortal being in physical fear. Lord Alceston shuddered, but he only tightened his grip.

"Out into the light," he cried, fiercely dragging his captive towards the entrance of the cave. "Let me see the face of the man who has led me this mad chase."

The man sank down upon the ground as though exhausted.

"For the love of God and for your own everlasting peace of mind, Lord Bernard," he moaned, "leave me here. I swear by everything that is holy in heaven or earth that it will be better for you not to look upon my face. Let me go! Oh, let me go!"

"Not!" cried Lord Alceston, peering through the twilight in a vain attempt to distinguish the features of his captive. "Get up, man, and come outside, or by heaven I'll carry you."

"Listen to me, Lord Clanavon," cried the other in a weak, hollow tone. "There is no exit from this cave, and as the tide comes in, that passage, pointing backwards, "is impassable. Go back quick'y, or you will be too late, and leave me here; death will be welcome to me!"

Lord Alceston made no answer, but stooping down he lifted up the crouching form like a baby, and stepping low down he carried him to the entrance of the cave, and out into the fading daylight. Then he set him down, and left him for a moment with his face turned to the sand while he glanced cautiously around him.

It was a strange place in which he found himself. On either side of him barren bound cliffs towered up a great height towards the sky, completely enclosing the little strip of sandy beach on which he stood, from the outside world. The death like stillness was broken only by the harsh, weird shrieking of the seagulls sitting in long lines on the cliff side, or wheeling slowly and slowly round and round the dizzy summit far overhead, and by the low monotonous roar of the incoming sea. In its utter dreariness and desolation it looked like a place forgotten of man and forsaken of God. Even Lord Alceston felt a slight chill as he glanced away from the prospect and down at the prostrate figure before him.

"Get up, and don't lie there grovelling like a woman," he said sternly. "Get up and tell me what you mean by this strange behavior and who you are."

The man did not move. Lord Clanavon stooped down on one knee and tore asunder the interlaced hands which covered the was white face. Then he let them go as though they had stung him, and staggered back.

"Neillson!" he cried. "My God!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ALONE WITH THE SEA GULLS.

There was a dead silence between the two men after the recognition. Lord Alceston had stepped back a pace or two, and was leaning against a fragment of rock, with a dazed look in his face. Neillson had risen slowly and with difficulty to his feet, and was standing quite still breathing hard, and with his eyes fixed upon the wide expanse of sea. It was a strange meeting, not devoid of a certain dramatic interest. But the first sentence which passed between them was a common-place one.

"You have been ill," Lord Alceston said slowly.

The man laughed; a strange, hollow, little laugh, which, low though it was, was caught up and echoed back from the cliffs with grim effect.

"Ay, I have been ill," he answered, looking down at himself curiously.

His clothes, once black, now stained and soiled with sea water and wet sand, hung about him in loose, empty folds. There were hollows underneath his cheek bones, and deep black lines under his restless, unnaturally bright eyes. A continual tremor seemed to have laid hold of his shrunken form, and his breathing came with great difficulty. His appearance was very much the appearance of a man who has risen from his death bed.

"Ay, I have been ill," he repeated, suddenly turning round and facing the other. "Why have you come here, Lord Alceston? Why could you not have let me die in peace?"

"I came, not in search of you," was the answer. "I came to go through some of my father's papers, and discovered that someone was living in secrecy in my own house. Had I not right to know who it was? How came you there?"

"I came because it was a safe hiding place."

"How was it that Mrs. Smith has sheltered you?"

"She is my mother. Mothers will do a great deal to save their sons from the gallows, you know. Besides, she had instructions from the countess."

Lord Clanavon shuddered.

"Your mother!" he repeated.

"Ay; she is my mother."

"But her name is Smith."

"So is mine. The name I always called me Neillson because it had been the name of his first servant, and he couldn't get out of using it. That was many years ago. The name has become my own."

There was another silence. Both men seemed deep in thought. Far above them the sea-gulls and stormy birds were shrieking dismally, their white wings flashed with a lurid light against the black clouds, which were fast scudding across the darkening sky, and away in front the angry sea was becoming every minute more threatening. But they neither of them noticed any of these things.

"Neillson," said Lord Alceston, slowly, "if I had known that it was you who were occupying that secret chamber, I might have gone away and left you in peace. I say I might; whether I should have done so or no I cannot tell. But now that we have met face to face and alone," he glanced round with a slight shudder, as though for the first time aware of the dreariness of the surroundings, "you shall tell me—about that night."

May God seal my lips for ever if I do," cried Neillson, passionately. "Oh, be wise, Lord Clanavon! I have been a faithful servant, faithful to death," he added in lower tones, "for I stand even now upon the threshold of death. I can say no more. You may believe me a murderer, if you will. You may take me up and throw me into the sea, if you will. I will not resist. I could not if I would. But I will tell you nothing."

"What if I have you arrested as my father's murderer? There is a warrant out against you."

"Then, if I lived so long, I should probably be hung," he answered. "I am no scholar, my lord, but I remember two lines of Shakespeare, which struck me once:

"You may as well go stand upon the shore,
And bid the main Flood bate his usual height.'

Lord Clanavon, you may as well go stand upon that rock and cry out to the waves to come no further, as bid me tell you anything about that night."

There was a force in his shaking voice which spoke of a resolution which no words could shake. Lord Alceston turned round without another word. "Let us go from this place," he said, with a shudder. "How came you to know of that passage?"

"From the earl. I never thought to be obliged to use it though—to have to creep about the bowels of the earth like a hunted rat."

They stooped down and entered the cave. Then both started, and a look of horror flashed into Neillson's white face.

"Listen," he cried, "listen." His voice was well nigh drowned in the wild roar of rushing water, and its heavy splashing against the rock-hewn sides of the passage. While they stood there a torrent of green sea streaked with white came foaming out of the entrance to the secret way, and returned to their feet.

"My Lord, Lord Bernard," cried Neillson, wringing his hands. "I am a murderer now indeed. Fool, idiot that I was to keep you here."

"What has happened? What does this mean?" he cried.

"The sea is round us. It floods the secret passage at every tide, and it has done so now. We cannot get back."

"And here; does the tide reach here?" cried Lord Alceston.

Neillson pointed to the dripping roof.

"The cave is submerged," he answered bitterly.

Lord Alceston rushed outside. Already the long waves were rolling to within a few yards of the cave's mouth, and the salt spray was dashed in showers into his face as he stood there. He looked wildly around. The cliffs on either side stood far out into the sea, and nowhere on their smooth perpendicular sides, shining with wet, was there the least chance of ascending even a few feet. While he stood there gazing hopelessly around, a great wave came bounding out from the mouth of the cave behind and flowed around him almost to his knees. Dripping with wet, and breathless, Neillson staggered out to his side, sobbing and crying.

"Oh, Lord Bernard, Lord Bernard," he cried. "I have brought you here to die. God forgive me!"

Lord Alceston was pale, and there was a sad wistful look in his blue eyes. But there was no fear in his face. He was something of a philosopher, something of a Christian, and altogether a high-spirited young Englishman, with all the "noblesse of his order," and a profound contempt of fear in any shape. Death stared him in the face, but he was equal to it. Had there been hope, had it been a more doubtful matter he might have been agitated. As it was he merely calmly said:

"It is nothing to do with you, Neillson," he said quietly. "It is a hard thing, but I'm not afraid to die. Say your prayers, man, if you know any."

A dull, lethargic composure seemed to creep over the two men. They stood knee-deep in the cruel green sea which came curling about them, ever creeping upwards, and they gazed with dull eyes over the blank sea. After a while Lord Clanavon roused himself as though with an effort.

"When the sea comes to my rock, Neillson," he said quietly, "I am going to swim. The village is round the Western promontory, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Neillson, in a choking voice, "you cannot pass the breakers."

Lord Clanavon looked at the long line of foam-streaked seething waves, and sighed.

"I suppose not," he said. "But it is hard to die without making an effort. I will try. Listen to me, Neillson. In a few hours we shall both be in another world. I do not blame you mind, but you know that it is through you that we are in this position."

"I know it," Neillson groaned.

Lord Clanavon put his hand on his shoulder kindly.

"I am not blaming you, Neillson. You fled here thoughtlessly I know. I only mentioned this because I am going to ask you a favor."

"You want me to tell you—"

"Ay, I should die easier if I knew."

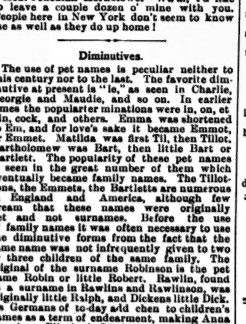
"Come outside, Lord Bernard. It will take me some few minutes to tell you all, and if we climb that rock it will give us a little longer."

Lord Alceston, stronger by far than his companion, and a trained athlete, clambered easily to the summit of the slippery boulder. Then stooping down he dragged Neillson up to his side, and waited patiently while he recovered his breath.

There they stood in the dreary twilight, with the tall cliffs frowning around them, and the seagulls shrieking above their heads, whilst below the cruel, hungry sea was sweeping in, creeping higher and higher at every moment. Lord Clanavon finding his companion was shaking and trembling with the cold and agitation, passed his strong arm around him and held him up. Then he held his breath and stooped his head to hear from pale, white, trembling lips the story of his father's murder.

(To be Continued.)

One Road to Glory.



Hon. Jedediah Hornblower (of Waytack)—Do you deal in photographs of celebrities?

Dealer—Yes, sir.

Hon. Jedediah Hornblower—Wa-al, I'd like to leave a couple dozen of mine with you. People here in New York don't seem to know me as well as they do up home!

Diminutives.

The use of pet names is peculiar neither to this country nor to the last. The favorite diminutive at present is "Ia," as seen in Olive, Georgie and Maudie, and so on. In earlier times the popular diminutives were in, on, et and cock, and others. Emma was shortened to Em, and for love's sake it became Emmot, or Emmet. Matilda was first Til, then Tillot. Bartholomew was Bart, then little Bart or Bartlett. The popularity of these pet names is seen in the great number of them which eventually became family names. The Tillotsons, the Emmets, the Bartlettes are numerous in England and America, although few dream that these names were originally pet and not surnames. Before the use of family names it was often necessary to use the diminutive forms from the fact that the same name was not infrequently given to two or three children of the same family. The original of the surname Robinson is the pet name Robin or little Robert. Rawlin, found as a surname in Rawlins and Rawlinson, was originally little Ralph, and Dickens little Dick. As Germans of to-day add chen to children's names as a term of endearment, making Anna Annchen, Elizabeth Lischen, so our English ancestry used the equivalent kin. Watkin was little Walter, Simkin little Simeon, Perkin little Peter; Wilcox was once Wilcock, or, as we would say, Willie; Hitchcock or Hiscock or Hickok was Isaac the younger. Terminations in kin and cock were in use among the lower orders—that is, among the Anglo-Saxons—while the diminutives in, on

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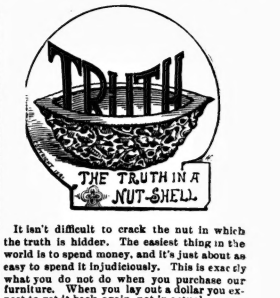
and et were more aristocratic, and used by families of Norman blood. So frequent was the use of diminutives on account of the limited number of names, that Bardsley calls the period from the Norman conquest to the Reformation the pet name epoch in England. Names of favorite saints were repeated over and over, John and Thomas, Emma and Matilda being among those most freely used. As showing to what base uses names may come at last, we have the French word Guillaume—derived from gild helm, or golden helmet—twice thrown into pet form, becoming Guillotin, or little William. Then it became a surname and the family name of the doctor who invented the deadly machine which bears his name. So from a noble defender William became an infernal persecutor.

Searching for Talent.



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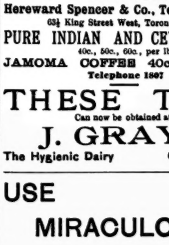

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"Good morning, good morning, professor," said the landlady, sweetly, as that individual entered the breakfast-room and took charge of all the morning papers.

"I hadn't noticed it, madam," replied the professor, seating himself on the papers to keep the other lodgers from getting them.

"Hadn't noticed what, professor?" inquired Mrs. Fog.

"That it is a good morning," retorted he. "It's raining cats and dogs out! Where is my umbrella, Mrs. Fog? I left it in the corner of my room on going out yesterday morning and it's not there now. I can't understand why it is that the morality, integrity, the—the common every-day honesty of life, seem to disappear when one gets within the portals of this house. Where, madam, I demand to know—where is my umbrella?"

"Where?" replied the landlady, striking a high C and pouring hot water over the cat in her excitement. "Where? Why, the owner came here yesterday and recovered it!"

Subjects for Thought.

Much of the mistaken kindness in the world comes from a narrow or low idea of happiness. In order to give a transitory pleasure to the one who enlists our sympathy, we sacrifice his higher nature. We try to shield him from a temporary pain at the expense of his future good. Not deliberately or intentionally, but thoughtlessly is this done by those who really mean to be kind, but who do not reflect upon the probable results of their actions. Intelligent kindness provides for the permanent well-being of the whole nature, and knows that that is to be secured only by raising the character and developing the higher sentiments.

Either as wife, sister, husband or brother, if you would have a happy family life, remember two rules; in matters of principle, stand like a rock; in matters of taste, swim with the current.

There is no culture out of work. The world has not yet got places enough for all its great people—I speak as a man—but it has places for every great soul to do the greatest work.

The man who gives his life for a principle has done more for his kind than he who discovers a new metal or names a new gas, for the great motors of the race are moral, not intellectual.

That man only has learned to live rightly who takes with a smile the world's praise and blame, and with steady heart and hand goes straight on with the work he has to do.

There are certain ignoble facts in life which we can best combat by ignoring them. A slight of almost any sort ceases to be when you cease to consider it.

Do not let either discourse or action pass unobserved; attend to the sense and signification of the one, and to the tendency of the other.

Fear not them that kill the body, but fear him, the demon of selfishness, laziness, which can kill both body and soul.

A man, like a watch, is to be valued for his manner of going.

No one has good manners who is thinking about manners.

He who knows most grieves most for wasted time.

Etiquette has no regard for moral qualities.

Driven Forth.

"They say the Princess of Wales is proficient in the art of hammering brass."

"So? Well, then, I don't wonder the Prince has gone abroad for his health."

The Rescue of an Acquaintance.

Rafferty (catching his first sheepshead)—Phin did youse fall overboard, Donovan?

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The Tantramar Tides.

How the wind roared in from the sea over the Tantramar dyke!

It was about sunset, and a fierce orange-red gleam thrusting itself through a rift in the clouds that blackened the sky, cast a strange glow over the wide, desolate marshes. A mile back rose the dark line of uplands, with small farm-houses already hidden in shadow.

Captain Joe Boulbee had just left his wagon standing in the dyke road, with his four-year-old boy on the seat. He was on the point of crossing the dyke, to visit the little landing-place where he kept his boat, when above the rush and whistle of the gale he heard Jamie's voice. He hurried back a few paces before he could make out what the little fellow was saying.

"Pap," cried the child, "I want to get out of th' wagon. 'Fraid Bill goin' to run away."

"Oh, nonsense!" answered Captain Joe. "Bill won't run away. He doesn't know how. You stay there, and don't be frightened, and I'll be right back."

"But, pap, the wind blows me too hard," piped the small voice, pleadingly.

"Oh, all right," said the father, and returning to the wagon he lifted the child gently down and set him on his feet. "Now," he continued, "it's too windy for you out on the other side of the dyke. You run over and sit on that big stick, where the wind can't get at you, and wait for me. And be sure you don't let Bill run away."

As he spoke the captain noticed that the horse, ordinarily one of the most stolid of creatures, seemed to-night peculiarly uneasy; with his head up in the air he was sniffing nervously, and glancing from side to side. As Jamie was trudging through the long grass to the seat which his father had shown him, the captain said, "Why, Bill does seem scary, after all; who'd have thought this wind would scare him!"

"Bill don't like it," replied Jamie; "it blows him too hard." And, glad to be out of the gale, which took his breath away, the little fellow seated himself contentedly in the shelter of the dyke. Just then there was a clatter of wheels and a crash. Bill had whirled sharply about in the narrow road, upsetting and smashing the light wagon.

Now, utterly heedless of his master's angry shouts, he was galloping in mad haste back toward the uplands with the fragments of the wagon at his heels. The captain and Jamie watched him flying before the wind, a red spectre in the lurid light. Then, turning away once more to see to his boat, the captain remarked, "Well, laddie, I guess we'll have to foot it back when we get through here. But Bill's going to have a licking for this!"

Left to himself, Jamie crouched down behind the dyke, a strange, solitary little figure in the wide waste of the marshes. Though the full force of the gale could not reach him, his long fair curls were blown across his face, and he clung determinedly to his small, round hat. For a while he watched the beam of red light, till the jagged fringe of clouds closed over it, and it was gone. Then, in the dusk, he began to feel a little frightened; but he knew his father would soon be back, and he didn't like to call him again. He listened to the waves washing, surging, beating, roaring, on the shoals beyond the dyke. Presently he heard them, every now and then, thunder in against the very dyke itself; upon this he grew more frightened, and called to his father several times; but of course the small voice was drowned in the tumult of wind and wave, and the father, working eagerly on the other side of the dyke, heard no sound of it.

Close by the shelter in which Jamie was crouching there were several great tubs, made by sawing molasses hogsheads into halves. These tubs, in fishing season, were carried by the fishermen in their boats, to hold the shad as they were taken from the net. Now they stood empty and dry, but highly flavored with memories of their office. Into the nearest tub Jamie crawled, after having shouted in vain to his father.

To the child's loneliness and fear the tub looked "cosey," as he called it. He curled up in the bottom, and felt a little comforted.

Jamie was the only child of Capt. Joe Boulbee. When Jamie was about two years old, the captain had taken the child and his mother on a voyage to Brazil. While crossing at Barbados the young mother had caught the yellow fever. There she had died, and was buried. After the voyage Capt. Joe had given up his ship and retired to his father's farm at Tantramar. There he devoted himself to Jamie and the farm, but to Jamie especially; and in the summer, partly for amusement, partly for profit, he was accustomed to spend a few weeks in drifting for shad on the wild tides of Chignecto Bay. Wherever he went, Jamie went. If the weather was too rough for Jamie, Joe stayed at home. As for the child, petted without being spoiled, he was growing a tough and manly little soul, and daily more and more the delight of his father's heart.

Why should he leave him curled up in his tub on the edge of the marshes, on a night so wild? In truth, though the wind was tremendous, and now growing to a veritable hurricane, there was no apparent danger or great hardship on the marshes. It was not cold, and there was no rain.

Capt. Joe, foreseeing a heavy gale, together with a tide higher than usual, had driven over the dyke to make his little craft more secure.

He found the boat already in confusion; and the wind, when once he had crossed out of the dyke's shelter, was so much more violent than he had expected, that it took him some time to get things "snugged up." He felt that Jamie was all right, as long as he was out of the wind. He was only a stone's throw distant, though hidden by the great rampart of the dyke. But the captain began to wish that he had left the little fellow at home, as he knew the long walk over the rough road, in the dark and the furious gale, would sorely tire the sturdy little legs. Every now and then, as vigorously and cheerfully he worked in the pitching smack, the captain sent a shout of greeting over the dyke to keep the little lad from getting lonely. But the storm blew his voice far up into the clouds, and Jamie, in his tub, never heard it.

By the time Captain Joe had put everything in shipshape, he noticed that his plunging boat was drifted close to the dyke. He had never before seen the tide reach such a height. The waves that were rocking the little craft so violently were a mere back-wash from the great seas which, as he now observed with a pang, were thundering in a little further up the coast. Just at this spot the dyke was protected from the full force of the storm by Snowdon's Point. "What if the dyke should break up yonder, and this fearful tide get in on the marshes?" thought the captain, in a sudden anguish of apprehension. Leaving the boat to dash itself to pieces if it liked, he clambered in breathless haste out on to the top of the dyke, shouting to Jamie as he did so. There was no answer. Where he had left the little one but a half-hour back, the tide was seething three or four feet deep over the grasses.

Dark as the night had grown, it grew blacker before the father's eyes. For an instant his heart stood still with horror, then he sprang into the flood. The water boiled up nearly to his armpits. With his feet he felt the great timber, fastened in the dyke, on which his boy had been sitting. He peered through the dark, with straining eyes grown preternaturally keen. He could see nothing on the wide, swirling surface save two or three dark objects, far out in the marsh. These he recognized at once as his fish tubs gone adrift. Then he ran up the dyke toward the point. "Surely," he groaned in his heart, "Jamie has climbed up the dyke when he saw the water coming, and I'll find him along the top here, somewhere, looking and crying for me!"

Then, running like a madman along the narrow summit with a band of iron tightening about the heart, the captain reached the point, where the dyke took its beginning.

No sign of the little one; but he saw the marshes everywhere laid waste. Then he turned round and sped back, thinking perhaps Jamie had wandered in the other direction. Passing the now buried landing-place, he saw a distinctiveness, as if in a picture, that the boat was turned bottom up, and, as it were, glued to the side of the dyke.

Suddenly he checked his speed with a violent effort, and threw himself upon his face, clutching the short grasses of the dyke. He had just saved himself from falling into the sea. Had he had time to think, he might not have tried to save himself, believing as he did that the child was his very life had perished. But the instinct of self-preservation had asserted itself blindly, and just in time. Before his feet the dyke was washed away, and through the chasm the waves were breaking furiously.

Meanwhile, what had become of Jamie?

The wind had made him drowsy, and before he had been many minutes curled up in the tub he was sound asleep.

When the dyke gave way, some distance from Jamie's queer retreat, there came suddenly a great rush of water among the tubs, and some were straightway floated off. Then others a little heavier followed, one by one, and, last of all, the heaviest, that containing Jamie and his fortunes. The water rose rapidly, but back here there came no waves, and the child slept as peacefully as if at home in his crib. Little the captain thought, when his eyes wandered over the floating tubs, that the one nearest to him was freighted with his heart's treasure! And well it was that Jamie did not hear his shouts and wake! Had he done so, he would have at once sprung to his feet and then tipped out into the flood.

By this time the great tide had reached its height. Soon it began to recede, but slowly, for the storm kept the waters gathered, as it were, into a heap at the head of the bay. All night the wind raged on, wrecking the smacks and schooners along the coast, breaking down the dykes in a hundred places, flooding all the marshes, and drowning many cattle in the salt pastures. All night the captain, hopeless and mute in his agony of grief, lay clutching the grasses on the dyke-top, not noticing anything, when at length the waves ceased to drench him with their spray. All night, too, slept Jamie in his tub.

Right across the marsh the strange craft drifted before the wind, never getting into the region where the waves were violent. Such motion as there was—and at times it was somewhat lively—seemed only to lull the child to a sounder slumber. Toward daybreak the tub grounded at the foot of the uplands, not far from the edge of the road. The waters gradually slunk away, as if ashamed of their wild vagaries. And still the child slept on.

As the light broke over the bay, coldly pink and desolately gleaming, Captain Joe got up and looked about him. His eyes were tearless, but his face was gray and hard, and deep lines had stamped themselves across it during the night.

Seeing that the marshes were again uncovered, save for great shallow pools left here and there, he set out to find the body of his boy. After wandering aimlessly for perhaps an hour, the captain began to study the direction in which the wind had been blowing. This was almost exactly with the road which led to his home on the uplands. As he noticed this, a wave of pity crossed his heart, at thought of the terrible anxiety his father and mother had all that night been enduring. Then in an instant there seemed to unroll before him the long, slow years of the desolation of that home without Jamie.

All this time he was moving along the soaking road, scanning the marsh in every direction. When he had covered about half the distance, he was aware of his father, hastening with feeble eagerness to meet him.

The night of watching had made the old man haggard, but his face lit up at sight of his son. As he drew near, however, and saw no sign of Jamie, and marked the look upon the captain's face, the gladness died out as quickly as it had come. When the two men met, the elder put out his hand in silence, and the younger clasped it. There was no room for words. Side by side the two walked slowly homeward. With restless eyes, ever dreading lest they should find that which they sought, the father and son looked everywhere—except in a certain old fish tub which they passed. The tub stood a little to one side of the road. Just at this time a sparrow lit on the tub's edge, and uttered a loud and startled chirp at sight of the sleeping child. As the bird flew off preening itself, Jamie opened his eyes, and gazed up in astonishment at the blue sky over his head. He stretched out his hand and felt the rough sides of the tub. Then, in complete bewilderment, he clambered to his feet. Why, there was his father, walking away somewhere without him! And grandpapa, too! Jamie felt aggrieved.

"Pap!" he cried, in a loud but fearful voice, "where you goin' to?"

A great wave of light seemed to break across the landscape, as the two men turned and saw the little golden head shining, dishevelled, over the edge of the tub. The captain caught his breath with a sort of sob, and rushed to snatch the little one in his arms; while the grandfather fell on his knees in the road, and his trembling lips moved silently.—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

A Father's Joys

Gilley (bringing his friend to visit him at his country residence)—I tell you, Briggs, old fellow, the country is the place to raise children. There are my three in front of the house, playing. See them come romping, full of life, to meet me.

"Hooray! How are my youngsters to-day!"

"Oh, we're having jolly fun making mud pies!"

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Disheartening.

District Attorney (disgustedly)—Well, this job sickens me. I'm going to hand in my resignation at once.

Friend—Why, what's the matter?

District Attorney—Well, here I've worked night and day on this murder case, and had just succeeded in getting such a complete chain of evidence that any jury would have convicted the accused without leaving the jury-box, when along comes a substantiated confession from a man who has just died in the penitentiary that he committed the murder, and my six months' hard work goes for nothing.

Wabash Line.

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All a Matter of Taste.

[Dialogue between a Tourist and a Native.]

Tourist—Do you live at Paradise Springs?

Native—Yas, I live nigh thar.

"I've been thinking of going out there, and I suppose you can tell me something about it?"

"Reckon so."

"I understand they have plenty of scenery there."

"Yas, thar's er right smart chance uv it fust an' last."

"Is it grand?"

"Wal, I dunno how you mout look at it. Some thinks hit air an' some thinks hit ain't. Thar's er power o' ole rocky hills full er snake dens, an' some woods full er pizen an' lizards. You mout like 'em, out I hain't no gret love fer sich things. Reckon mebby I hain't edercated up ter it."

"I am told there are beautiful drives. How is that?"

"Wal, I jedge it's all owin' ter er feller's taste. 'Tain't no fun for me ter try ter drive er horse an' buggy 'long er cow trail er er hog path. Still you mout like it. Tastes differ in sech matters."

"Yes, I presume so. How is hunting?"

"First rate place ter hunt."

"Plenty of game?"

"Lots er snakes an' skeeters. Hain't nothin else."

"Is it a good place for fishing?"

"Wal, er feller kin fish all he wants ter down in ole Bob Moseley's cow pond."

"Does he catch anything?"

"Ager and fever."

"Then Paradise Springs is not a very pleasant place?"

"Dunno. It's all 'cordin' to er feller's taste."

Woman's Rights.

Polite Conductor—Excuse me, Madam, but this car is the smoker.

Aunt Polly Wanta—I know it is, young man. That's the reason I got in ter it. Kin I trouble yo' fer a match?

Of Course.

Old Lady—What's that awful smell?

Farmer—That's the fertilizer we're puttin' on the field yonder.

Old Lady—For the land's sake!

Farmer—Yes, 'm.

His Authority.

Mrs. Trotter—Will it be proper to send your card with mine to Mrs. Foster?

Mr. Trotter—Give it up. Why don't you consult Hoyle?

In Pike County.

Mrs. Sassafras—Killed him, John, didn't yer!

Mr. Sassafras—You bet.

Mrs. Sassafras—Fight hard!

Mr. Sassafras—Fit like cats 'n' dogs.

Mrs. Sassafras—Git ary scratch!

Mr. Sassafras—Nope. 'Been livin' with you so long I've got th' 'experience t' dodge.

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The Wrong Woman.

He (desperately)—You are the only woman I ever loved!

She—That may be; but if it is, I am certainly not the only woman you have ever lied to.

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

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We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

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A Story by a Canadian Author.

SATURDAY NIGHT begs to call its readers' attention to the two-part story begun this week, entitled The Skull of Peter. It is by a young writer whose verses frequently appear in these columns, Mr. John A. Copland of the *Globe*. It has a finely constructed plot and is well told, and we can thoroughly commend it to our readers.

To Young Writers.

There is a question which is sometimes asked by beginners: Is one, a writer, justified in sending several copies of the same MS. to different editors at the same time?—provided always that the writer is honest and intends to inform the other editors if by chance he receives an acceptance from one of them. The person who asks such a question assumes that an editor reads manuscript for fun; that the time which he spends reading it, only to find if he decides to accept it that he is already fore-stalled, counts for nothing. Most young writers are aware that MSS. should be written on one side of the paper, that the writing should be legible and so forth, but a great many seem ignorant of this point; but the novice should know that a writer has small chance of ever having a second MS. read by an editor whom he has treated this way.

Occasionally an incident such as the following, which can be put down but to arrant stupidity, happens. A British-looking youth found his way to the editorial rooms a fortnight ago and presented a very British joke for perusal. It ran as follows:

At Windsor, after a hearty lunch, having done the castle, a party of Canadian tourists standing at a corner in front of an eating house.

Mr. A.—What about Eaton?

Mrs. A. (by mistake in hearing)—I couldn't *eat an* other bite if I were paid.

LATER.

Mr. B.—Asking the same question, innocently.

Mrs. B.—I couldn't take in Eaton. I am too full of *Wind sor*.

As the author personally solicited the insertion of it, the favor was promised, but by some happy chance it was omitted last week. On looking at last week's *Grip* the same thin identical joke was found in a slightly elaborated form. If the adolescent youth from whose burning brain it sprung desired to collect a stipend from both papers, he never great his literary ability, Ottawa should have him. If, however, as is more probable, he was only "stuck" on his own humorous perceptions and desired to shine in two papers at the same time, let him take a lesson to heart and try no more to smile on both sides of the street at once.

Don't fool with the editor! If he reads a MS. at all it is with a view to acceptance. To ask him to read it for a criticism is bad enough, but to assume that he is willing to go through the painful pages of your MS. on the chance of his "getting there first," is simple effrontery.

Music.

THAT farrago of nonsense, entitled The Pearl of Pekin, has drawn good houses this week at the Academy of Music and I think that all who went were highly amused. Like all American comic operas, it is nonsense when you come to seriously weigh its dramatic value, but then no one expects a sensible comic opera, so that it is no worse than its neighbors in this respect. What is running in my mind is a foggy notion that the German and French comic operas have a dramatic certainty and semblance of possibility that makes them interesting to the mind of the listener, a feature that the modern American work which is too often designed after trite models, with a constant watchfulness, on the part of the designers of the patchwork, to find occasion for a little specialty work for this or that performer lacks. Hence, as season follows season, an opera often changes its details to afford opportunity for a new man to show himself at his best. Somewhat after this fashion, The Pearl of Pekin has suffered, or as the play-bill says, "has been greatly strengthened since last season."

The Pearl herself is represented by a pretty young lady with a pretty little voice, Miss Ida Stembler, who is so modest and unassuming in her work that one wonders why the opera is not further strengthened by calling it Finette or the Vivandiere's Revenge, and thus recognizing a very much more all-pervading female character. This latter character is well sustained by Miss Irene Verona, a very handsome and graceful lady, whose dancing and general vivacity contributed very largely to the success of the piece. Mr. Edwin Chapman, who has succeeded Mr. Louis Harrison as Tyfoo the Mandarin, was sufficiently unctuous to make his part go, but he did not please me as well as his predecessor did. He lacks some of the finer touches of the latter's humor. A very successful and extremely funny man was Mr. John Williams as Sing Hi, by far the most mirth-provoking individual on the stage. Sosoriki, presented by Mr. Oscar Girard, was a fair delineation of the Japanese semi-exquisite, and Mr. Wallace Wedlake as the French Quartermaster sang very fairly, but was very "sticky" as an actor. His hands and arms seemed to cause him continual oppression. This gentleman was the exception to the rule which obtained in the opera as well as in the latter Pinafore, that the performers were rather singing actors than acting singers. But then they had not very enacting music to sing, which must go for something in judging the results. The chorus singing was fair, but very little attempt was made at procuring an artistic ensemble. The scenery was fine and the costumes were new and handsome, giving evidence that no expense had been spared in securing proper mounting. The orchestra was very good, an unusual liberality being shown by the appearance of two double basses.

I had some fun with a phonograph the other evening. A few musical friends were gathered

MRS. FRANK MACKELCAN.

around one of these curiosities, partly with the idea of providing something a little better than the horrible Bowery performances which furnish some of the song representations we hear in Edison's marvel, and partly with the wish, similarly egotistical with the last mentioned idea, of hearing what our singing would sound like when reproduced by the instrument. The small fry, which had not yet been chased to bed, gathered around the auricles, and were greatly delighted by some good comic songs which had been supplied by Mr. Harry Rich, and by some fine pieces by Heintzman's band. This was followed by an experiment in which a large horn was attached to the transmitter, by means of which a cornet solo by Mr. Herbert L. Clarke was reproduced with admirable fulness of tone, the rooms being quite filled with that gentleman's acceptable music. Then we sang into the phonograph ourselves. Mr. Warrington sang King Fun with all his rare rollicking jollity. On testing this effect we found a perfect reproduction. He then essayed Father O'Flynn, which turned out a perfect success all but the last three notes, these being by some tricky disposition of the instrument transformed into a perfect wail.

Mr. Lye then sang Comfort Ye My People,

MRS. GEORGE HAMILTON.

which came out with great clearness. This was followed by another of those present singing Norman's Tower. While he sang he noticed with alarm the transmitter traveling fast to the end of the cylinder and knew not what to do. He hastily turned the leaves of the music to effect a "cut," a proceeding strenuously resisted by the accompanist, who insisted on turning them back, but bravely playing the while. Peace being restored and a gallant rush being made for the finish, the singer just managed to get his last word in when the cylinder was spent. He then sang the Friar of Orders Gray, in which the eccentricity of the instrument again showed itself. This song, when listened to, developed 'steen different keys, and is something to make your heart ache. It is now more humorous than brave old Henry Russell ever conceived it could become. The phonograph has a way of picking up unconsidered trifles that sometimes wrecks a song. One of these pieces, as it now sounds, shows a song embroidered with a snigger from a youngster, a good hearty cough from the man with bronchitis, an equally vigorous sneeze from the man with the influenza, and a "pick up that sheet, please," from the accompanist, all unconsciously contributed. The fidelity with which the individuality of the singer's voice and little tricks of pronunciation and accent are reproduced, is remarkable. Shading and feeling in the voice, too, are noticeable to such an extent that listeners can almost fancy they see the singer.

Two of Hamilton's singers have met with recognition of their ability and charm from the far West. Mrs. Frank Mackelcan and Mrs. George Hamilton have been engaged for a series of twenty concerts extending from Port Arthur to Victoria, and will depart on their journey at the end of the month. Miss Nora Clench will also be one of the party. Our friends across the continent have a great treat in store for them in the performances of these three ladies. The two singers have an especially fine repertoire of duets, which alone will popularize the undertaking.

On Tuesday evening the Philharmonic Society will begin its rehearsals of Gounod's Redemption. This work has not been heard here since 1884, and is, in the opinion of many who are well qualified to judge, the masterpiece of the veteran composer. I have many pleasant recollections of its performances in '83 and '84, and look for many of the old hands rejoining the ranks of this favorite society.

The ladies and gentlemen who performed the Mikado at the Academy of Music last season are going to present Pinafore about the middle of next month. The cast will, I believe, be as follows: Josephine, Miss Katie Ryan; Little Buttercup, Miss Mabel Gardner; Sir Joseph Porter, Mr. W. E. Ramsay; Captain Corcoran, Mr. W. Parr; Ralph Rackstraw, Mr. A. Parr; Dick Deadeye, Mr. A. L. Davies; the Bos'n, Mr. H. Stevens.

The indefatigable and phœnix-like Charles R. Locke is never deterred by his perennial failures from making a fresh start each season. This year he is again before the world with Miss Emma Juch as chief attraction, and with an aggregation of one hundred and twenty-five people. This company will appear at the Academy of Music, October 15, 16, 17. Miss Juch will be supported by Miss Minnie Laudes, Miss Lizzie MacNichol, Miss Gertrude May Stein, Signor Auqustine Monte Griffo, Signor Victor Clodio, Mr. William Stevens, Mr. Otto Rathjens, Signor Edward Visini, Mr. E. N. Knight, and Mr. Franz Vetta. The company will have its own ballet chorus and orchestra, the musical director being the well known Signor Enrico Bevignani. The repertoire of the company embraces Gounod's Romeo and Juliet, Ponchielli's Gioconda, Verdi's Aida, Mascagni's Cavalleria Rusticana, and Halerey's Jewess. Of these, Aida is the only opera that has been performed in Toronto.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

ARCE, that delightful form of dramatic entertainment which began its career with the Midsummer Night's Dream, has almost become in these days but a thing of honored memory. Its name has been usurped by exhibitions of song and dance girls, Irish policemen with India rubber frames, and physical anomalies of alleged humorous appearance. Occasionally, however, there reaches us from the land of the effervescent champagne that light and airy thing which so resembles the wine of France, genuine farce. Dr. Bill, the attraction at the Grand this week, has been Anglicized from the French model of Dr. Jo-Jo by the English critic, Hamilton Aide. It is a genuine and delightful representative of the farce that is modern in action but ever old in spirit.

Farce is the last thing that should be lost to the stage. It depends for its success upon situations, and its popularity should teach the people who hammer away at the idea of a "literary" play that talk and poetry have very little to do with dramatic success, and that the comedies that are made up of repartee and guff cannot go. The situations in Dr. Bill are as clever and mirth-provoking as any ever put upon the stage. Though on analysis its morality might be considered shaky, and in the original French its situations are certainly dangerous, virtue is triumphant in the end, chiefly because it doesn't have anything to combat with except the ghost of the vice of times gone by. One encounters, too, the wild oats special plea, the fallacious one that a rake "done raking" makes the best husband.

Dr. William Brown, who has been a giddy and swift young practitioner, marries and settles down to mild connubial bliss. To avoid meeting his former patients, who have chiefly been in the ballet or trod the boards in some way, and to whom he is generally known as Dr. Bill, he gives up medical practice. His officious old father-in-law, sure that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, nails a doctor's sign on the door, sends out circulars and resorts to other means of advertisement to force his son-in-law into practice. The result is that William meets some old friends, and the whole cast, including father-in-law, mother-in-law, Dr. Bill and his young wife, Mrs. Horton, an ex-ballet girl and her jealous husband, George Webster, a gilded youth, Miss Fauntleroy of the Frivolity and others get into a lot of trouble and tight fixes that make the tears run down one's cheeks with laughter. Incidentally Miss Fauntleroy dances two or three dances; and these—the dramatic value of which even old Ibsen has seen and had sense enough to introduce one into The Doll's House—add to the enjoyment.

If Dr. Bill is French, British drama is also represented in a little curtain raiser, by Jerome K. Jerome and called Sunset, that is thoroughly insular. The motive of this little play, though pretty, is not new and the leading young lady given the privilege which English playwrights value so much for their heroines, of making a sacrifice. Jerome is especially prodigal in his use of sacrifice. In nearly all of his many one act plays the heroine in the midst of her girlishness and skittishness suddenly shows that her wings are only hidden in deference to fashion, and the audience is sobered for the fun to follow. In Sunset two sisters are in love with the same young man, and the elder though having the prior claim on the youth's affections, renounces it for the sake of her sister's happiness, and marries the man of her father's choice, the wealthy young squire. The play gains strength from its simplicity, both in language and plot, and though the climax is foreseen from the start the whole story is prettily told, and the comedy introduced by the good-hearted and uncouth young squire and the winsome younger sister relieve the play from sombreness.

The company presenting these two plays is an excellent one. Mrs. Geo. S. Knight, an old Toronto favorite, heads the ladies and acts well. Her emotional work as Lois in Sunset was good and unexaggerated, and the same may be said of her comedy as Mrs. Brown. Miss Emily Maynard, who plays the rather difficult *role* of Mrs. Horton, the ex-actress, has improved since she played the adventuress in Little Lord Fauntleroy two years ago, and her acting was quite satisfactory. Miss Stella Lawman did some excellent juvenile comedy in Sunset. She was pretty and girlish, and her slight tendency to exaggeration she will probably overcome ere the season is over. Miss Mary Breyer, the dowager of the company, was excellent, and as the mother-in-law in Dr. Bill and Aunt Drusilla in Sunset was very amusing. Miss Belle Stokes as Miss Fauntleroy was full of devilment, as she should be. Her dancing of the Kanagaroo dance was merry, and the first dance which she danced in the second act was splendid. She has not attained enough suppleness of figure to dance the encore she gave to it. Her promiscuous kicks were agile. Miss Nellie Lingard was a sonsie maid Ellen.

Of the male actors one is inclined to give the palm to Mr. Leighton Baker, although among so much excellence it is hard to lay one's finger on any one actor and pronounce him the best. His impersonations of the squire in Sunset and the fop in Dr. Bill both betoken exceptional talent. Unfortunately he has not the something called magnetism, which makes the acting of one actor more popular than the perhaps equally able or abler acting of another. He has, however, the boon of sound ability and he exaggerated neither part, but gave natural, quiet performances. Mr. William Wilson was very popular as Dr. Bill. He looks his part and has a pleasant humorous voice with sufficient magnetism to show all his work to the best advantage. Another very funny man and a fine actor was Mr. Ernest Bartram as the meddlesome father-in-law. He was well made up and took immensely. His facial expression was splendid. Messrs. Jarrett, Horton and Depui were all fair in their parts. The company is, as a whole, a good one.

I sometimes wonder if the managers of Irish plays ever have any show paper specially prepared for them. It seems to me it would be cheaper and do just as well if they used stock lithographs. The characters are always the same, the dear Irish boy and the dear Irish girl who dance jigs together and pass the wicked squire; the said squire and his whisky-sodden hired man, minions of the devil; the little child, who, by getting stolen, manages to fix things up by his return; the billing and cooing lovers of fifty or thereabouts who are old enough and plain enough to know better; the abused hero and heroine and the assemblage of shillalah-slinging Irishmen who back up the dear Irish boy. The plot is always a variation on the old theme of persecuted and afterwards triumphant virtue, and there are songs and dances interspersed that lighten the heart. I think I could from the same material evolve a play myself as good as the Cruiskeen Lawn, perhaps better. The author has made it a potpourri of all the Irish melodramas ever written and has tangled up a half-score of plot-motives into a most extraordinary knot; but there are some clever people with the show, and one can enjoy the performance immensely provided he does not take things too much in earnest. Mr. Paddy Murphy (can this be a *nom de plume!*) has a fine stage presence and a genuinely mirthful Irish face. He sings and dances well and was very popular. Miss Agnes Carlton was a pretty and sprightly Nora. Miss Maggie Leland played mercurial Widow Kelly well, and Miss Nell Keen was a tall and stately Kate Carney. With her inches she looked quite able to handle any villain in Kerry or Cork (Irish plays stick to one or the other of these two counties usually). Little Kittie Murphy played Little Nell very well. Mr. W. J. Mason was very funny as old Paddy Miles, and Mr. W. H. Kitts made the most ideal villain I ever saw in an Irish play. The other members of the company were all very fair and danced well. To judge from the applause which greeted Mr. Carney's speech, "I am an *American* and an IRISH AMERICAN," a large deputation of New York's civic officials must have been in the gallery. The Cruiskeen Lawn plays at Jacobs & Sparrow's all week.

TOUCHSTONE.

NOTES.

Mr. Herbert Sheppard, treasurer of the Dr. Bill Company, has been in town this week. His old friends were glad to see him.

Next week three melodramas are billed; Roger La Honte at the Academy, La Belle Marie with Agnes Henderson at Jacobs & Sparrow's, and Alvin Joslin at the Grand.

Modjeska commences her season at London on Monday. On Thursday she will come to Toronto and will appear here during the last half of the week. Her company includes T. F. Thalberg, Benjamin Rogers, John A. Lane, Howard Kyle, Beaumont Smith, Kate Meek, Edith Meek, Christine Lubinski and others.

Every-Day Observations.

Regrets for the results of sin are often taken for repentance.

Though many great men are eccentric, eccentricity makes no man great.

Suspect yourself capable of that folly of which, without proof, you suspect another.

If you try to rescue the slave of a bad habit you will find him a great stickler for freedom to remain a slave.

The voice of the people, even when the people are but common folk, is usually unerring in the main particulars.

What Woman Always Forgets.

Mrs. Birdof (in her new dress)—Well, what do you think of me now?

Mr. Birdof—Humph! You're as proud as a peacock.

Mrs. Birdof—Why shouldn't I be?

Mr. Birdof—Why, you should! Your feathers are gorgeous, but your shoes aren't blacked!

The Brute.

Miss Cassy Corda—You've broken my heart!

Tom Blunt—Oh, well; accidents will happen!

Launched.

For Saturday Night.

Launched out on the ocean of life,
A prey to my hopes and fears—
My little bark bounding through storm and strife,
O'er billows of smiles and tears.
When the sun shines bright I dash merrily on
Over breakers of worry and pain,
Bounding lightly and hopefully towards a goal
While the surf to my song sent refrain.

Launched out on the ocean of life,
My little bark madly tossed,
Thro' rocks and breakers, mad frolicksome rife
Where to strike means all hope to be lost—
My nerves at a tension by eagerness drawn,
To stand through the storm till its raging is gone
And the gentle breeze whispers its cadence of song
"You're safe through the breakers of life."

Launched out on the ocean of life,
With the dangerous rocks behind,
With a Heaven-sent helmsman, a dear loving wife,
I can laugh at the shrieks of the wind.
When weather is clear and the sun shines bright
O'er life's waters we dash bark ahoy and tight
With the sails made of love. Oh, the journey's so bright,
Our hearts like the ivy, entwined.

Launched out on the ocean of life,
We fear not its white-crested foam;
We shall ne'er dream of trouble, the world and its strife
As over life's waters we roam.
Should misfortune e'er take us we'll kill him with love,
With the sails of our boat, white and pure as a dove,
And with hopes looking up to the Heaven above
We sail on to a heavenly home.

. . . . . .

Launched out, only starting life's journey,
My dream of the future is sweet,
Through the glasses of love I can see
When our routes on life's journey shall meet;
As I greet my life's helper so loving, so pure,
I see my life's happiness then made so sure—
That 'twill last while eternity's ages endure,
Blessed by Him as we kneel at His feet.

B. E. A.

To—

For Saturday Night.

The coach draws nigh while she with practiced hand
Reins in the prancing grays, her touch well known,
And smiling greets her friends that near me stand
Who tribute gladly pay the fairest in the land.
As furtively I watch the girlish face,
And gaze into those eyes that love's sweet pain inspire,
Spell bound I watch each new unfolding grace
And catch the glow that sets my soul on fire.

Three slow revolving years have since then passed,
And yet that face grows lovelier each day,
It was but yesterday I saw her last,
I would have fled but love compelled my stay.
Ah, she is fair, and brightly fortune smiled
Upon her natal day, an heiress born,
And I am poor—yet in my heart a wild
Fond hope oft comes she will not leave me lorn.

How I have shunned the church, the walk, the street,
Where the loved presence haply I might see,
Fleeing those haunting eyes I fear to meet,
Whose brightness is a memory for me.
For her I love so long, so fondly true,
Nor knows perchance my name, ne'er have spoke,
Nor knows I've tried, in vain, these dull years through,
My love to vanquish—that my heart is broke.

She is too great for me, I hate her gold,
I hate the wisdom of the proud and cold,
Whom fashion's social tyranny doth rule,
That sneer at love when poor, and fete the gilded fool.
Were I but born the lord of broad estate,
The titled compeer of the rich and great,
And she a village maid in russet clad,
With those sweet eyes so soft, so languorous sad,
To her I'd consecrate my life and love,
My happiness below, my hope of heaven above.

X. Y.

His Reason.

For Saturday Night.

Why don't I marry? Old fellow, you see
Of all the women I meet,
There is only one girl in the world for me,
Dimpled, and rosy and sweet.

With a shy quick glance of her radiant eyes
Where the lashes long, droop down,
An innocent look of sweet surprise,
Eyes that are bonnie and brown.

Lips where the kisses are rich and ripe
As the leaves of a warm red rose,
Cheeks of peaches, the prototype
Where the autumn sunlight glows.

Hair with a glint of gold in its sheen
Gentle, and tender and shy,
But I never will know if she loves i ween,
To wie her I never shall try.

I sometimes dream what the years might be
Could such bliss be in store
For me, but to-morrow I cross the sea
And I never shall see her more.

You say I'm a fool, such girls are rare,
Give her my love, my life;
"Give me your hand, old fellow; take care,
The beautiful girl is your wife."

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

The Origin of Evil.

With his in his beard
Sat the lonely Jahveh,
And stroked his beard,!
His eternally gray old testamentary beard;
And the Eternal One would have died, if He could,
Of weariness, for the Sabbath day
Had come, and he might not—
See Deuteronomy fifth and verse fourteen—
Work on the Sabbath.

Beside his feet and leaning on his footstool,
The earth, was crouched the Fool of Heaven, Satan.
He had exhausted all his quips
And all his cranks,
And even he himself was devilish weary.
Then said to him Jahveh: "Art thou weary,
Like all the angels,
Whose spiritless, virtuous, long-drawn countenances
And tasteless hallelujahs
Are fit to make me long for something sinful?
Amuse me, rascal.
Or, if thou're so proper,
By my own self, thou shall be made an angel!"

At that the god of mockery shrieked
And said to his master:
"Lend me thy footstool, the earth,
And I will juggle before thee!"
"Thou may'st," said Jahveh,
"So that thou swear thou will not let it fall,
And give is honorably back."
Then Satan took the earth and juggled fastly
With sleight of hand diabolically nimble.
Up his right arm the earth ball spun and clambered,
Ran round his neck and trembled down his left arm,
And he tossed it into the air,
Spun it whizzing,
Threw it beneath him,
Turned a somersault,
And stopped it equipoised above the start point;
And Jahveh laughed until the evening came
And the Sabbath was over.

Honorably Satan gave the earth back,
But since that day, alas!
All over it are visible the marks
Stained by his dirty fingers.

From the Dutch of Vosmaer.

Noted People.

Captain Hawley Smart, the English sporting novelist, is an old soldier, and fought in the Crimea.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome wrote his first book, On the Stage and Off, when only nineteen years old.

Lord Tennyson and William Black are both warm friends of Mary Anderson Navarro. Many of the best literary people of England have been especially cordial to her.

The Empress Eugenie has just paid $35 000 for five acres of ground on Cape St. Martin, lying between Monaco and Mentone. She will build a villa and spend much of her time there.

The fact that the Poet Laureate owns a milk route in the Isle of Wight has been known for some time, but every one may not have heard that the milk cans are marked "Alfred, Lord Tennyson."

Barbara Frietchie's grave, in the German Reformed church cemetery at Frederick, Maryland, is said to be overrun with briers and vines. The head-stone bears only her name, her age, and the date "1872."

Prince Bismarck suffers much from his old enemy neuralgia, and the writing of his memoirs does not progress swiftly. He dislikes the work, and a revival of the past seems to embitter and disturb him.

The devotion of the Prince of Naples to his beautiful mother, Queen Margherita, is said to be his strongest attachment. Her influence over him is greater than that of any of his tutors or friends, and has doubtless done much to fit him for the position he is to fill.

Frank Stockton claims to work with a deliberation which would hardly prove financially profitable to writers less known. He dictates to a stenographer, and sometimes, he says, he waits an hour for the right word. In this way he turns out about a thousand words a day.

A many-sided man is Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, now writing Hans Breitman, then studying palmistry, again translating German poetry into graceful English verse, amusing himself with wood carving, studying folk-lore, establishing art schools, or camping with gypsies.

A familiar figure has been removed from the Parisian theaters by the death of Auguste Vitu, the veteran journalist and critic. For many years he had witnessed and criticized for the *Figaro* every performance of importance in Paris, and to young writers he was always kind and helpful.

Mrs. Fanny Washington Finch, a granddaughter of the first President's half-brother, cherishes among her most precious possessions a little silver hatchet made from a spoon once owned and used by George Washington. She is said to resemble her great-uncle in features, and to be of a tall and imposing figure.

Letters and telegraph messages of congratulation, with many gifts of flowers, were poured in upon Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on his eighty-second birthday, which he celebrated August 29. Among the messages was this from John G. Whittier: "Love and warm congratulations from thine old friend."

The feeling entertained by the Tories for Mr. Gladstone has always been matter for surprise. The word loathing inadequately expresses it. And yet Mr. Gladstone is the one force which stands between them and democracy. He has Conservative instincts, and the respect that is entertained for him by Radicals warps their action.

Madame Martin, the old lady who recently died at Vincennes, France, bequeathing her fortune of two hundred thousand francs to her native town of Toul, left one thousand two hundred francs for the expenses of her funeral at Vincennes, coupled with the condition that she was to be buried "as far as possible from her late husband."

It is reported that the visitor to Shakespeare's tomb is annoyed by constant requests for contributions toward the "preservation fund" and other objects. A fee of sixpence is required for admission to the Church of the Holy Trinity, and various boxes appeal for gifts toward the fund, an American window, etc. It is said 22,017 persons visited Shakespeare's birthplace during the past year.

Frau Bismarck, the wife of the ex-Chancellor, is a victim of hypochondria, and fancies herself in an extremely delicate state of health. In spite of this, and against her physician's orders, she drinks large quantities of champagne, her favorite beverage. She is a tall woman, with white hair and prominent cheek-bones, and talks volubly in a high pitched voice. Her economy is said to border upon parsimony.

Prince William of Montenuevo, the son of Empress Marie Louise of France, is dying at Vienna. His father was Count Neipperg, to whom the Empress was married after Napoleon's death at St. Helena. Prince William was strikingly like his mother in personal appearance. He had a passionate fondness for music, and during the violent fits of insanity that have marred his life during the past ten years nothing has soothed him so readily as the playing of the organ or piano by an accomplished musician.

Alfonso XIII., the infant King of Spain, has now, at the age of five, escaped from petticoat management and been placed under the charge of a governor. The spirit of mischief seems to be as fully developed in him as if he were not a sprig of royalty, for at a recent party in the palace garden he turned the hose on a distinguished general and an ambassador, drenching both. It is also related of this young gentleman that at dinner recently his attendant said, reproachfully, "Kings do not eat with their fingers." The youthful monarch finished what he was eating with the aid of his fingers, and then replied, "This King does."

Two Ways of Looking at It.

Fond Father—Children, if the clock struck fourteen, what time would it be?

Logical Louise—Two o'clock, papa.

Clever Charlie—Time to get the clock fixed.

The Dog Show.

A PUG FANCIER.

If you want to flatter a man flatter his dog. So speaks mature wisdom. This week it will do as well almost if you stand by and but nod your head occasionally while the proud owner explains the beauties of his dog's feathers, bone or what not. At the Exhibition the dog show has been divided honors with the horse ring as an attraction. The exhibit was large and good in quality. The judging was on the whole satisfactory, the errors being few. The fashionable breeds, cockers, fox terriers and St. Bernards were well represented. The show of mastiffs and great Danes was also excellent. The fact of there being five shows succeeding one another at Toronto, Hamilton, London, Ottawa and Kingston brought some good dogs to Toronto that might otherwise have stayed away. Miss Adeline Whitney judging the largest breeds, St. Bernards and Great Danes, made quite an unusual picture. Imperator, the greatest of great Danes, who occupied two stalls and measured seven feet eight inches from the top of his nose to the tip of his tail, was quite amenable to her touch as she examined him. Mr. A. Clinton Wildmerding, who came from New York to judge spaniels, was also as satisfactory a judge of the breed as has been in Toronto of late years. Messrs. Mason and Davidson are well known to Canadians, this being the third occasion on which they have acted as judges for the Industrial Exhibition Association.

By far the most popular breed in Canada today is the Cocker. Canadian spaniels win nearly all the prizes for this breed in the American shows. The Toronto show last year had the largest class of Cockers ever seen in America. The exhibit this year was smaller but of greater excellence. The competition in the challenge class of black dogs with four such favorites as Ch. Brant, Ch. Black Duke, Ch. Rabbi, Ch. King of Obes, was very close. All the dogs except the latter were in splendid condition. Ch. Brant was in better condition than I have ever seen him since he went out of Mr. Charlesworth's kennels five years ago and carried all before him. His head, however, is against him and Rabbi also suffers here slightly. Black Duke's head is perfection and by some the wisdom of giving the prize to Mr. Laidlaw and placing Rabbi above Black Duke was doubted. Besides Duke Mr. Douglas brought with him a wonderfully fine dog, Black Dufferin, winner of two firsts at New York last spring. He has a splendid flat coat, fine head and ears, and fine dark eye. He suffers only from being a little light in the loin. His winning of first in the open class for black dogs was closely contested by Laidlaw's Oban, another fine young dog, who made a good second. Mitchener and Farewell's pair, Dono and Black Brant, showed in excellent form. In the challenge class for bitches, Laidlaw's Miss Ofo II. was in wonderfully fine condition for a dog of eight years, and the judge probably had her age in mind when he placed her above the younger Bessie W.

"HE OWN DOG CAN LICK ANY WAN O' THEM."

The exhibit of bitches in the open class looked small in comparison with last year's, when twenty-two bitches were in the ring. Mr. Herbert Mullin's I Guess, the winner, is a beautiful little dog, and her sister, I Say—third—was also in excellent condition. Laidlaw's Woodstock Cora, the winner of second, deserved the position.

Among the dogs of any other color than black two beautiful dogs were Mr. Nelles' Ch. Red Jacket and Mr. Charlesworth's Nugget, both dogs of great excellence of coat and body. The giving of three firsts in novice, open and puppy classes to that twenty-five cent cur, Brantford Redman, in two cases placing him above Black Dufferin, was simply ridiculous foolishness. One wonders if Mr. Wilmerding was tired or whether the lateness of the hour when these classes were judged and a desire to hustle through induced him to make such a decision. Perhaps the latter part of the judging was done in the dark and the red dog was more easily seen than the black one. The puppy bitches, I Say and I Guess were placed according to their merits.

In the fox terrier classes I preferred the Toronto dog, who won second, Mr. J. K. Macdonald's Blempton Trump, to Dobbin, the winner, a Troy, N.Y., dog, though the latter

CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

was an excellent dog. Ebor Nettle and Rowton Safety, both American dogs, who took first and second honors among the bitches, were also fine specimens. Mr. Jas. Crowther's Lady Nell, though unmentioned, showed to good advantage. In the wire-haired classes there were no strikingly fine dogs. The Toronto dogs, Stanley and Sly Boots, were fair specimens. One missed Mr. W. S. Jackson's terriers among the Bedlingtons. The entries in all the terrier classes were full and the animals shown were fine specimens.

The St. Bernard open classes were well filled, though no challenge dogs came to Toronto. Mr. J. S. Williams' trio, Beaulah, Monk and Monarch were in good condition. Other good dogs of this breed were Mr. W. C. Rick's pair, Kingston Regent and Republican Belle, winners in their respective classes, the Zenith of the same owner, and Mr. Fred Stettenben's, Hesper's Son, a young dog. An excellent puppy was George Bell's Sir John. In the mastiff classes the famous Ilford Chancellor was a handsome winner, though without rivals for the challenge prize. The two challenge bitches, Lady Colusa and Caution's Own were excellent specimens. Hugh Falconer's Mode is a fine dog. Trust and Bess, of the same owners, also showed well. Elkson, owned by Dr. Kimball, was a fine dog and won in the open class. Mr. John Massey has a very fair specimen, Minting Minor.

Other fine dogs were there which, did space permit it, I should like to write about. Noticeable were Douglas & Chambers's Parnell and Irene, J. H. Dunnigan's Duchess of Avondale, Irish setters; Dr. S. G. Dixon's Gordon setters and Mr. T. G. Davey's English setters; the splendid exhibit of the Mount Washington Kennels and the Battersby Kennels of London; the great Danes that are just becoming popular, and the splendid exhibit of Collies. One foolish piece of business is noticed in the prize list. Mastiffs and St. Bernards receive fifty to one hundred per cent. larger prizes than other breeds. The object of this I fail to see, unless to help pay express on animals coming from a distance.

TOUCHSTONE.

To Jessie's Dancing Feet.

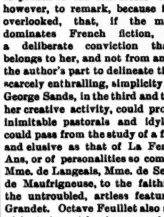
How, as a spider's web is spun
With subtle grace and art,
Do thy light footsteps, every one,
Cross and recross my heart!
Now here, now there, and to and fro,
Their winding maze turn;
Thy fairy feet so lightly go
They seem the earth to spurn.
Yet every step leaves there behind
A something, when you dance,
That serves to tangle up my mind
And all my soul entrance.

How, as the web the spiders spin
And wanton breezes blow,
Thy soft and flimy laces in
A swirl around thee flow!
The cobweb 'neath thy chin that's crossed
Remains demurely put,
While those are ever whirled and tossed
That show thy saucy foot;
That show the silver grayness of
Thy stocking's silken sheer,
And mesh of snowy skirts above
The silver that is seen.

How, as the spider from his web
Dangles in light suspense,
Do thy sweet measures' flow and ebb
Sway my enraptured sense!
Thy fluttering lace, thy dainty airs,
Thy every charming pose—
There are not more alluring snares
To bind me with than those.
Swing on! Sway on! With easy grace
Thy witching steps repeat!
The love I dare not—to thy face—
I offer, at thy feet.

W. D. ELLWANGER.

Married Women in Fiction.



THE true artist has never needed any counsel from the social philosopher touching his duty. He has always known where his true field lay, though he has not always been allowed by current preconception to explore it. It is quite needless to point out that the French novelist has never encountered conventional restrictions, but has been left at liberty to study human nature in all its aspects. To pause to demonstrate this would be, indeed, to preach to the converted. It may be well, however, to remark, because it is sometimes overlooked, that, if the married woman dominates French fiction, this is from a deliberate conviction that the realm belongs to her, and not from any incapacity on the author's part to delineate the winning, but scarcely enthralling, simplicity of maidenhood. George Sands, in the third and tranquil stage of her creative activity, could produce a series of inimitable pastorals and idyls; and Balzac could pass from the study of a face as haunting and elusive as that of La Femme de Trente Ans, or of personalities so complex as those of Mme. de Langeais, Mme. de Serizy, and Diane de Maufrigneuse, to the faithful portrayal of the untroubled, artless features of Eugenie Grandet. Octave Feuillet also showed a power of depicting with nice appreciation the young unmarried girl, and it was simply for artistic reasons that he touched the theme but seldom, and then assigned to it a smaller canvas than that which he allotted to his woman of the world. It was by those stories that began instead of ending with a wedding, by, for instance, La Petite Comtesse and Camora, that Feuillet desired to be remembered. Tolstoi, also, can draw virgin innocence with extraordinary softness and tenderness of touch; yet it is rather on a face that speaks of struggle and of anguish that his camera is focussed in Anna Karenina, by far the greatest of his works. It is as if the Russian had proclaimed in that novel what in old age he was to disavow, but which no lapse of years or loss of sight could interdict Milton from asserting in the greatest of epics, that it was not possible for Adam to love Eve truly until she had eaten of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, and that, once awakened to that passion, he could bear with resignation even banishment from Eden. The English novel has had a curious history. It had a double origin in the Tartuffism of Richardson and the truth-telling of Fielding: or, as some might prefer to say, the idealism of Pamela and the realism of Tom Jones. Owing to a conflux of reasons which it might take long to define, but which for the most part have their roots in the Anglo-Saxon character, Richardson conquered, and until quite recently it seemed that his conquest was unshakable. The two streams of artistic purpose soon ceased to run separate; the one speedily submerged and, to all appearances, annihilated the other. That did not happen to Fielding's conception of the novel which is fabled to have befallen Arethusa, who could send her own shaft of fresh lymph unmingled and unviolate through the waves of the salt sea. Extinction, not effacement, seemed the doom of the English realist. "No man," cried Thackeray, with a quick gesture of impatience and the ring of anger in his voice,—"no Englishman since Fielding has dared to depict life as it is." It was natural that Thackeray should chafe and smart under the gyves, for he was far too true an artist to do what smaller men have often had recourse to—seek to evade by stifling and dwarfing conditions by bestowing upon maidenhood ideas and emotions which, as a rule, it cannot know. On the contrary, having to draw a carefully brought-up young girl, he made her what every man who has had a daughter, or a sister, knows her in truth to be; he drew Amelia Sedley. Clever women scoff at poor Amelia and tax Thackeray with a covert insult in making a child the heroine of a resplendent novel. Their indignation, however, is directed at the wrong object. Thackeray took the English novel as the public and the publishers had cramped it, and made the best of it. He could not be expected in his poverty, with a lot of weaker creatures dependent on him, to attempt a literary revolution. But he never pretended that Amelia was a type of womanhood. He averred simply that she was a type of guileless, unruffled virginity; and in saying that he told the truth. Other English novelists have shown a far less sensitive and unswerving literary conscience. We refer not merely to the feebler hands, but to some of the greatest masters. They have cheated the public, which they dared not confront. They have striven to slip out of the fetters, which they dared not boldly rend asunder. Scott himself, ay, and George Eliot, have been culprits in this kind. They have over and over again produced a full-grown woman on their canvas, but, to lull the reader's prejudice, they have labelled her "young girl." False art, involving fatal weakness, in spite of its strange seductiveness! The most enthralling figures in Scott's gallery are at best adorable monstrosities; they could not exist in nature. Look, for instance, at the three women who approach most closely the modern conception of a lady, and who, at the same time, are endowed with peculiar vigor and puissance. We refer, of course, to Flora MacIvor, Diana Vernon, and that lovely daughter of sorrow in Redgauntlet. Who but the most credulous of readers believes that these women were really of the age which their creator has chosen to ascribe to them? He says they were twenty. We deny it. We say they were thirty at the least. We demand the production of the parish register, or, failing that most cogent testimony, a sight of the family Bible. We must have evidence more relevant and more conclusive than a dictum which defies verisimilitude. What is true of those antedated heroines is also true of Romola. She is far too deeply versed in life's philosophy for the years her author has assigned to her. It is plain that she had really lived as long and had seen as much as Dante's Beatrice or Petrarch's Laura, both of whom, it may behoove us to remember, were married. It is noteworthy, however, that George Eliot was alive to the mendacity, the viciousness of her art in this particular. She strove to guard against a repetition of the fault. It is remarkable in Middlemarch how little she suffers us to see the depth of Dorothea's nature till she is mismated with Casaubon. In Daniel Deronda the novelist makes even a more deliberate and bolder advance, for Gwendolen is but an outline up to the hour when marriage brings her face to face with the grim, and in her case hideous, realities of life. Had she lived to write another novel, we doubt not that the genius of George Eliot would have burst the bonds with which a century of usage, prescription, and prejudice had tied and choked the English novelist. But the artistic revolution which she foresaw and powerfully furthered is on the eve of full accomplishment. It is in the air and on the page. The English novel is about to enter upon its inheritance. As we write, the latest story of George Meredith, One of Our Conquerors, is lighting up the sheets of *The Fortnightly*. It foreshadows the advent of an era. In this novel it is not the maiden, fluttering, inquisitive, expectant, at life's half-open door, but the woman who has lived and suffered, that starts forth beneath the strong-est strokes of the vivifying brush. It is not the daughter, but the mother, *filia pulchra mater pulchrior*, that rivets eyes and chains the heart.—*North American Review.*

A Modern Pyramus.

Scene—Office of Messrs. Franklin & White.

Mail Clerk (stepping from telephone box)—Here, Carpenter, somebody wants you.

Carpenter—Li righ'! (Nods abstractedly, and totes a long column of figures before entering the box. The faint scratch of pens and rustle of paper alone break the silence, until the office boy, catching a glimpse of Carpenter's rapturous countenance, slyly opens the door, and fastens it back by a chair.) Carpenter (oblivious, and talking into the telephone)—You poor darling! And you didn't sleep a bit all the night? I do wonder (archly) what you could have been thinking of. (Pause.) No, I don't. Well, may be I do; but—you tell me!

Office Boy (sotto voce, but audible to the clerical staff)—For pity's sake, tell him! Dis suspense is killin' me!

Carpenter (still to telephone)—Were you? Were you, really? Did you think of your horrid old boy? (Pause.) Yes, he is horrid, too. But he loves you so he can't help being glad you—oh, my beautiful darling! (Passionately.) Do you love me? (Pause.) Do you love me, just a little bit? (Tenderly.) Do you love me? (A little disheartened now, but still tender.)

Office Boy (encouragingly, but sotto voce)—Never say die!

Bookkeeper (with unfeeling scorn, also sotto voce)—Oh, come off!

Carpenter (at it again)—Do—you—love—me? (Pause.) I asked you (in patient despair) if you love me!

Mail Clerk (sotto voce)—Spell it!

Bookkeeper (sotto voce)—Ring up the Trouble Clerk.

Carpenter—Yes; I know it! I only wanted (suddenly lapsing again into tenderness) to hear you say you did. Tell me one more time.

Office Boy (sotto voce)—He wants de earl' and heav'n too.

Carpenter—You know I never loved any one but you!

Mail Clerk (sotto voce)—Ah, there! How about that Baltimore girl?

Carpenter—Yes. I slept—a little. But I dreamed of you all night long.

Carpenter's Room Mate (sotto voce)—I bet he slept.

Carpenter—And I dreamed you—but you will think me awfully silly.

Sarcastic Chorus (sotto voce)—Oh, no!

Carpenter—Well, I dreamed that you—that you—kissed me!

Enthusiastic Chorus (sotto voce)—Um—um!

Carpenter—Well, I was pretty busy; but that doesn't matter.

Junior Partner (sotto voce)—Oh, doesn't it!

Carpenter—I'll come early. Good-by—you know how I would like to tell you good-by, don't you?

Chorus (arising to the occasion, aloud)—We do! (Kissing the backs of their hands) Smack! smack!! smack!!! smack!!!!

Carpenter (looking around, and suddenly taking in the situation; in agony)—Good-by! (Is about to ring off.) Nothing! Indeed, there's nothing the matter! (Pause.) Anybody hear us? Why, of course not!

Chorus (aloud)—Oh, no! Of course not!

Carpenter—You know I do—why do you want me to say it? (Suppressed laughter.) Well, then, I—I—oh, you know I do!

Bookkeeper (heartlessly)—See him squirm.

Carpenter (oearly crazy)—Indeed, I—I—I love—oh, hang it all! (Dashes from the box and flees into the hall in desperation, leaving the Office Boy to ring off.)

Chorus (with a sigh of relief)—Ah-h-h!—*Puck.*

The Editor on the Circus.

This is a circus day, and the small boy is in his element—ditto his small sister. Yes, and the children of large growth—for are we not all children when the circus comes to town?—rejoice to see the gayly-caparisoned horses, the gaudy wagons, the elephants, as the procession passes through the streets.

Circus day is but an epitome of human life, for the world is very much of a circus. The band plays, the elephants go round the ring, the ringmasters crack their whips, the clowns make merry with the throngs, the side shows fill the air with clamor, the people munch their peanuts and drink their lemonade, and those among them who are green get swindled by the thimble-riggers and petty cheaters.

Yes, life is much like a circus day. It is delightful in the morning, when the mind is filled with anticipations of a long day of delight with an evening of quiet pleasure. Everything is fresh and buoyant, and the clown—well, he's always supposed to be somebody else. But the cool of the early day gives way to the glaring noontide; the tent is packed, and while the performance is good, it has not the zest which we anticipated. The dust is annoying, the heat prevents full enjoyment. We laugh at the quips and quirks of the clown, dimly conscious that, though that is expected of us, it is not worth it. The evening brings weariness, and the performance is flat and stale. All who can stay to the concert after the show, anxious to see all they may, but having an inner consciousness that it won't pay. Then the canvas is down, the lights are out, and—darkness.

Yes, all the world's a circus, and it is always new. When the night comes to us, the sun is always rising somewhere else. The tent is always going up somewhere, as it is always coming down. The mornings wait for the gay procession, bright with color and fluttering flags, moving to blare of trumpet, the beat of drum, the clash of cymbals; and the generations of mankind stand in line as it goes by.

All the world's a circus; it is the same thing over again, generation after generation, but it is the greatest show on earth for each of them!—*Toledo Blade.*

He Arranged For Variety.

"Pap," said Clarence Calliper, "give me five cents!"

"What for!" said Mr. Calliper.

"To get some sarsaparilla with."

"You have asked me for five cents every day this week," said Mr. Calliper, as he handed over the money; "don't you think this is getting a little monotonous?"

"No," said Clarence; "I don't. I don't always get sarsaparilla. Sometimes I get root-beer and sometimes I get soda."—*New York Sun.*

THE SKULL OF PETER.

By JOHN A. COPLAND.

Written for Saturday Night.

PART I.

VENI!

He was an antiquated-appearing gentleman, and rode home daily on the same horse car with myself. The furrows were deep on his brow and around the corners of his mouth, while his cuticle was dusky as an Indian's. A closer acquaintance proved to me that his was no ordinary character. He seemed suffering-aged. Imperceptibly our casual intercourses ripened into friendship. I learned that his name was Robert Gnik, and found myself taking a real interest in him and his affairs.

One day he secured me by the arm as we alighted from the tram together, and insisted upon my going to see his rare collection of Indian relics, "the finest in the city of Toronto, or in the universe even for that matter," as he said while we dined after reaching his house.

I was indeed deeply interested; as much by my host's description of, and narratives about, the divers peculiar articles as by the relics themselves. What struck me most strangely was a skull the color of ebony, mounted on a tall, black cloth-covered pedestal in one corner of this wonderful museum of archaics. I directed Mr. Gnik's attention to it and asked him to explain the cause of its odd color; but he palpably looked annoyed at the request, and I fancied I should not notice that mysterious cranium. He tried to evade my query, but I persisted to importune him.

"Oh, that," he explained, perfunctorily, "I unearthed it from the bank of Devil's Lake, in Calhoun County, Alabama, seventy miles east of Birmingham.

"Yes; and how do you account for its ebonic hue?" I reiterated, as he was turning away.

"The ferruginous and I might say the basaltic nature of the water in Devil's Lake did that," he reluctantly admitted.

Then, as if to distract my attention from the grinning skull, he began a rapid depiction of Devil's Lake, meantime guiding me to the further end of the relic-room. He was perfectly at home with his subject.

"Devil's Lake," he said, "is one of the many remarkable natural phenomena to be seen in America. It covers an area of about four acres, and is oval in shape. Vegetation is absent from its banks (it has no shores), and its water is devoid of living creature. Terrapins and snakes even shun it, and fishes that I placed in the fluid died in about three hours. The liquid is clear limestone, and has a nauseously unpalatable taste. Animals, wild or domestic, will not drink it, no matter how thirst may taunt them. Deep down below the surface are what appear to be the charred and blackened trunks of great trees. These stand upright in the water, but have neither root nor branch and never rise to the top nor sink to the bottom. From my own experiments at the lake I have proved that those strange formations are igneous, and when struck with a hammer, even though under water, they show their ignescence by throwing off voluminously hot sparks of fire. Too amount of water in the lake is the same all the time, although no inlet or outlet can be discovered. A weird fatality attaches to this lake. It was once the favorite bathing and swimming resort for the boys of the neighborhood, but now they never go near it. In thirty years fifteen boys have been drowned in its waters. Three of the bodies were recovered, but those which went down any distance from the banks were never seen again, although painstaking and prolonged search was instituted. The lake's depth has never been ascertained. Soundings to a length of nine hundred feet have found no bottom, and people of the vicinity maintain that the lake has none. A professional diver once attempted to jar one of those great subaqueous pillars away from the perpendicular, but he was obliged to ascended to the surface in a hurry with wild horror depicted on his features, scarcely having climbed the bank until he swooned. He would never tell what he had seen down yonder, and any mention of the escapade invariably induced ghastliness of gaze, with big sweat-beads on his brow, and an aspen co-edition of his herculean frame."

I was much interested, and the entire evening passed away before I realized that I was getting late. When I rose to go Mr. Gnik presented me with a latch key and told me that his museum was at my service whenever I might desire to visit it. I could enter by the side door. This courtesy was of much delight to me, because I am somewhat of a relic gatherer myself.

Shortly after returning home I retired and went to sleep, but was awakened later by a nasty dream in which the ebonic skull again was prominent. As I lay with my eyes wide open trying to penetrate the darkness, and listening to the regular sleep-breathing of my wife, I conceived a strong desire to go and see that skull once more. I was perfectly aware of the utter unreasonableness of the hour, albeit I arose—to have another sight of that funny bone-head I must! I dressed, lighted a tiny bull's-eye lantern and proceeded to Mr. Gnik's residence with a number my cousin. Without waver I marched up to the museum door, placed the key in the latch, and presently stood inside before the skull. I turned the light full upon the fleshless head-piece and eyed it minutely. There was a fracture right across the center of the cranium, as though it had been struck a fierce blow with an axe. I passed my fingers along the rupture, and then snatched them away; for I had felt a curiously chilling sensation career from my finger-tips through my arm.

The flame in my lamp grew dim and finally subsided altogether. Then I recollected that I had forgotten to replenish it with oil before starting on my errand. I reached out my hand to grope my way toward the door, and touched the back of a chair. In this short interim a weirdly opaque opalescence had become visible as an aureole about the skull's crown. Becoming curious, I brought the chair quietly around and seated myself to watch. I felt not the least alarm, somehow; contrarily, I had every faculty on the *qui vive* in anticipation of the valuable addition I should probably have to make to scientific knowledge and discovery.

As I looked, the whole figure, pedestal and head, resolved and took on the appearance of a man in nimbus. By and bye it assumed the shape and pose of a genuine Indian chief, decked in regulation war-paint and attire. He had a wicked leer, which he directed at me and which I stolidly returned.

"Huh!" he grunted; "so paleface spyer has come!"

"He has," I retorted. "That is, if you choose to call me so."

"What look you for?" he growled.

"The secret of your coming here," I answered, unabashed.

"Huh!" he said again.

I listened for his further speech; but he had taken on a silently pensive mien.

"Speak!" I ejaculated. He looked up.

"You know him?" he asked.

"Who?" I queried.

"Him!" he hissed vindictively. And I knew that he meant Gnik.

"Yes," I vouchsafed.

"Curse him!" he shouted; and his eyes blazed fire.

"What has he done?" I ventured.

"Dog! Listen!" he began vehemently. "Many, many moons ago there dwelt in that place of rest, now called Alabama, three tribes. But one, the Creek nation, was the mightiest. I am Emuckfaw, and I and Talladega ruled the weaker two. Devil's Eye, the powerful chief of the omnipotent Creeks, had a daughter—beautiful as the morning, and swift on horse as thought. Her eyes shot glances dazzling as the rays from Sun, and her tiny feet were lighter on the prairie than a little bird's. To see her was to love her—no! adore her. This I did, and started out to sue the great chief for her hand in marriage. Upon the lake I encountered Chief Talladega, bent upon the selfsame mission as myself. Our jealous wrath was mutual and intense. We blazed it forth. Our tomahawks unearthed, we fell foul of each other with a vengeance; and our attendant braves joined in. It was a bloody scuffle, and when the sun sank low we retired each to his tribe, there to proclaim war to the bitter death. For two months the battles raged. My warriors were melting from the earth like ice beneath the furious Sun-god's piercing darts; but yet we fought and murdered, *nil relent*, at every opportunity. An undying hatred of our foes imbued us to the bone, and they were no more loving. Annihilation loomed to usward, and desperate schemes we brooded on to save us.

"One evening at dusk there came a runner from the Creekian haunts and told me that the daughter of the big Creek chief had flown upon the wings of dawn, in company with a paleface knave named King, who for many moons had dwelt among the Creeks.

"Again was I enraged, but this time with the paleface who had wooed and won my heart's one hope. As an arrow from a trusty bow, I straightway rode in haste to have communion with Devil's Eye. He gave me audience with calmness and seemed in nowise harried if his child had gone. 'She's to the brave who stops the paleface thief,' he said, unmoved.

"I rode me back and called a council of my under-chiefs. They assembled. I told them that we'd bury deep the hatchet with the tribe of Talladega, and take to the bloody war-path on the paleface's trail to tear my love from out his cur embrace.

"Ere the morning's haze retired before the growing heat, my scout returned from conference with Talladega. Chief Talladega would convene with us and smoke the pipe of peace. A rendezvous was set within the shadow of the big pine wood; and, with five of my young chiefs, I went to meet Chief Talladega. It was an awesome place, and we felt almost as in grave while the pipe of peace went round. Solemnly, I recognized my turn; but with it came a yell from Talladega. Leaping to his feet, he sank his hatchet in my skull, then tore away my reeking, bleeding scalp.

"Thus was my spirit from its casque set free—by foulest treachery!

"In the ghost I hovered near and saw my brother chiefs all butchered. Then the tribal war was renewed, and when the sun went down gone my people fought no more—all! all! were dead and scalped.

"King, the palefaced wretch, I now could recognize had been the cause of so much blood. The subtle Creekian chief was leagued with him. My love was the paleface traitor's love; and these twain did plot and plan in a wigwam close beside the one where lodged the mighty chief, her sire, himself."

The phantom talker paused and even though he was a thing of nebulosity he exhibited the cruciating agony of mind. Presently he gathered up his torture-thread and writhed and spoke again:

"Hark!" this time in deep-toned tragedy. "In the mystic spirit we were angered, my murdered chiefs and I, and our unequited rage consumed them. I, and our unequited ground! Down! down!! down!!! For seven moons our flaming vengeance crept; and then we came upon the River Styx, which cooled our ardor for a space and flowing up created what the redman calls the Lake of Death and the whiteman Devil's Lake. Clustering like barnacles, our fretting spectres rose aloft on hideously black and vast stalactites from the vault of hell, which rest to-day submerged in Devil's Lake and may be viewed from yonder. Woe! woe! To all who'd revel in our Lake of Death——"

He glared so unutterably fiendishly as he whooped these words that, without my own volition, I bounded from the chair and sent it rattling backward on the floor. There was a shuffling of some feet inside, and then a door flew back and Mr. Gnik confronted us. He was naturally surprised.

"I shall explain, friend Gnik," I said, as calmly as was possible, in answer to his questioning look.

"Go not forth yet," resumed the phantom chief; "I've more to tell. I alone of all my co-mates have come back to earth, deputed to work out our great revenge at Satan's acquiescence. Into the Creekian camp I wandered, in the body of an idiotic lad. Sufferantly I was welcomed and learned to answer to the name of Peter. Then through my idiocy I learned that those overwhelming routs of Creeks took place at Emuckfaw and Talladega. I imperceptibly led them to rise at the very places named in memory of myself and of the treasonable tribal chief who cleft my skull. Until the end I shall——"

Gnik here seized me violently and forced me from the room. We reached another one where there was a light, and I saw that he was deeply agitated. I detailed to him each circumstance, right from the time I parted with him on the evening previously until his discovery of me in his museum in such an extraordinary manner. He listened intently till my tale was told, then he strode up and down the apartment for some time in silence. Finally he stopped abruptly and said with energy:

"I'll tell you all."

Passing over to a cabinet he procured from a receptacle a roll of much-mauled paper. He handed this to me with the request that I read it aloud. I unrolled it and began:

"To MY DEAR BOY ROBERT:—You have always had a faculty for probing into mysteries, and have missed no opportunity to demonstrate to me that you believe little in the supernatural. I am glad of this, for then that which I am just about to write will cause you no alarm. As I have told you formerly, I am a pure-bred Indian woman. My father was that furious dreadnaught Creekian chief called Devil's Glare, and yours came to our tribe while I was yet quite young. My grandfather got attached to him, and as I matured I did too. I learned to love the white stranger. He tutored me, a willing pupil, in all the twistings of the English tongue. Our love, alas, was destined not to run quite smooth, which I am told is no uncommon thing. Two neighboring chiefs, Emuckfaw and Talladega, became enamored of my charms, and they each resolved to have me for his squaw. The outcome was a bloody war between the two tribes which lasted long. Emuckfaw's tribe was imminent of quick extermination. My father, seeing this and wishing that the strife should end with such catastrophe, conjured a plan whereby your father readily agreed to. It was to marry me to the paleface, while word was quick despatched as my Emuckfaw coguisitor him the white man had abducted me. At this same time a runner flew to find Chief Talladega and to tell him that Emuckfaw brooded his assassination—which of course was false—by a violation of the sacred Pipe of Peace. The scheme throve well, and, as was calculated, Chief Talladega slew deluded Chief Emuckfaw, deluded the very act toward the Pipe of Peace which the lie had said Emuckfaw contemplated. The petty war between the two tribes ensued, and the slain Emuckfaw's men were blotted out Chief Talladega came to sue for me. My father, desirous to be rid of all these little tiresome tribes, treated the chief with insult and disdain most galling. Talladega snatched his tomahawk to crash it through my father's brain, but your father interfered and struck the would-be murderer to earth. Enraged, the baffled chieftain rose and fled to join his braves outside the camp. It was a *casus belli*, and my people wiped the Talladegans out as you would blot a pencil-etching from a slate. Only one old squaw escaped, and she was spared because she once had been a friend to me. She did not live long though. Her tribe was gone, she did not wish to stay. Before she breathed her last she sent for me and said:

"'Ah, daughter, daughter, but my grief shall be avenged! And by the very paleface demons you adore! Your husband shall not live long, but he shall live again to rob him; and for his villainy the shade of Emuckfaw, whom my tribe killed through his lie, shall haunt him all through life. Look! I see the Creekian nemesis in Emuckfaw and Talladega!'

"She hushed; and I, grown ghast with fear, cried out from mental anguish. She raised herself upon one hand and said more mildly:

"'You loved me; I shall send a ray of light for you. The letters H. S. B. are fraught with pain for Creek, but hope for paleface King!'

"And saying this she fell upon her face and died. Desiring to prove false her words, your father spelled his name last first, and made it Gnik. But this was little use; he passed away ere you were born—foully murdered by the fickle Devil's Glare, who feared he should usurp his rule. As said the dying squaw, I'm sure your father's soul lives on in you. I've noted it. Your loving mother,

"AGNES KING."

The reading done I looked at Gnik.

"Now," he said, "you know my name is King, so I shall tell you truly how I got my skull! Many years ago I found it on the table in my room. That was before I left the United States. I know not how it came, but since it did that misty Indian head-piece has mutely round my bed industriously tintinabulating:

"'Devil's Lake! Oh, Devil's Lake!'

"Two years grind on, he continues, derisively he jeers and glares within six inches of my face. I cannot bear it; nor can I exorcise the ghost! Often have I prevailed upon some friend to take the skull away, feeling sure that were it gone I should have peace; but invariably it forsakes his keeping and returns to me. I find it on the pedestal next day. I have thrown it overboard in Lake Ontario; I have cast it into fiery furnaces; I have put it in a quartz-mill and crushed it; but it has been of no avail—the hated object always grins upon me in the morning. Some day I shall succumb! I must relieve myself by poison, or by my razor's kindly edge, if death persists in being tardy! 'Devil's Lake! Ah, Devil's Lake!' I hear it now! It fills the air around! It bars a hell! No! Tais is hell! I wish the devil had me."

His gaze was maniac; and, fearing he'd go mad, I interrupted:

"Stop; let us analyze this prophecy," I said. "Of course, your name is King, not Gnik?"

Becoming calm, he acquiesced, and I went on:

"The old squaw intimated that your father should not see his son; that has come to pass. Her tribe's extermination has been fearfully avenged, and by the whites, as said. What is more probable than that your father's soul should transmutate to you? In fact, I'm thoroughly convinced of it. I'm talking to your father; your father's you, you are your father. The 'haunting' has been carried out effectually, I judge. She said she saw the Creekian nemesis in Talladega and Emuckfaw. That is also right; for were not the Creeks defeated by the Tennessee militia under the command of General Jackson at the hard-fought battles of Talladega and Emuckfaw? The letters H. S. B. are fraught with pain for Creek and hope for paleface King, and finished with, 'Let me see. H. S. B.—ah! Eureka! Those initials stand for Horse Shoe Bend. You will recollect that General Jackson finally broke the power of the Creeks at that place in 1813, after a desperate fight?"

"Ay," he moaned dejectedly, "that is all very well, so far as it goes. But where does the hope for me come in?"

We pondered a while not speaking. Finally I said:

"Rehearse the initials of your friends, Robert."

"Well, to begin, give us yours, Bentley," King remarked.

"Mine!" I exclaimed. "Oh, yes; by Jove! H. S. B.—Harry Sylvester Bentley!"

King pondered a minute and conjectured:

"So perhaps there's hope through you."

"That may be true; who knows?" I responded heartily, resolved to bring his mind from dwelling on his misery. "At any rate, Robert, I shall try. Let us start at once; that despicable skull shall go!"

I returned to the curio room and brought out the black-bone head. I built a heavy fire in the grate and tossed the skull upon it. I was glad to drop the ugly thing into the glowing coals, for its contaction was decidedly unpleasant; something akin to an uninterrmittent electric shock.

With tensioned interest we sat and watched, but the skull did not consume. Worse! The jaws began to jibe and mock us, the teeth gnaw and yell, like as I'd think they had done while encumbered by the flesh and muscles of the abriginie. That savage may have been untutored, but I'll swear he was well versed in spoke and swore in seven different languages, I solemnly affirm.

Struck with the extreme ludicrousness of the performance, we had to roll upon the carpet, completely prostrated with involuntary and uncontrollable spasms of laughter. We roared in spite of our wills. This caused us to come to our vigilance. When decorum revived and we looked, the skull was gone!

Amazed, I strode to the museum. There, sure as death, was the black head, occupying its accustomed perch upon the pedestal in the corner.

Nonplussed, we desisted, and let the skull rest until next morning. Then we began our task in earnest. It is unnecessary to detail the divers and uncountable devices we employed to rid us of that wretched cranium. We smashed at it with axes and sledge-hammers; we tried again the powerful quartz-mill; we cast it into crucibles with molten metals and into the founder's furnace; we buried it; we hung a heavy weight to it and hurled it into mid lake; we fastened it within sacks and riveted and soldered triple-iron chests and left it where an alderman might steal it undetected; in a place of these things we found it, always after, in King's museum.

Our undertaking had become a serious one, and I began to think it was merely a coincidence that my initials corresponded with those of the prophecy. I determined I should pass a night with Robert King, and thus see for myself the antics of this sleep-purloining skull ghost.

King and I retired; and, as Robert said he should, before a quarter-hour had passed I was faw appeared upon the scene to play his harassing role.

"Devil's Lake! Ah, Devil's Lake!" the phantom warrior began, with monotonic sighs; then varialted it to "Devil's Lake! Oh, Devil's Lake!" and added blood-bearuging whoops and yells, as the ghost entered into me.

"Look here!" I blurted, sitting up and elevating my arm at this performing spirit. Indian troubled as was Hatchet Face's ghost; I'm hope you mean to stop your jumping and your howling for a little time, so that we may get some sleep. I'm tired of being entertained at such unseasonable hours! You've got to draw a line right here and quit; d'you hear?"

The only acknowledgement the ghostly artist made to my speech was a motley series of war whoops and yells, more derisive than at first.

With an execration I sprang from the bed and tried to belabor our tormentor with a heavy cane I snatched up. I soon became convinced of the futility of my attack, for the vicious strokes never fell where the ugly wretch stood up and grinned. Breathless, I was forced at last to desist, and I climbed back beneath the quilts to cogitate. King's condition verged on the apoplectic, so much had our circus amused him in spite of himself. Already my company in his trouble had brightened his view of circumstances.

"Why," I exclaimed, "does he persist in rhyming on at Devil's Lake so irritatingly? He must have meaning in a phrase he repeats so frequently."

"Possibly he'd like to take a bath in Devil's Lake," tired King vouchsafed with grimmest irony.

"There may be truth as well as joke in that, my friend," I said. "At all events, now that you have given me the thought, we shall start for Devil's Lake as soon as possible, and carry, certainly, the plaguey skull along."

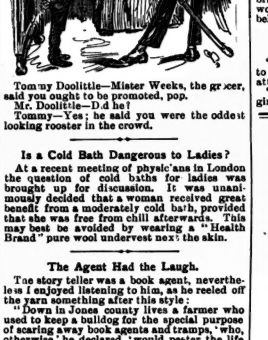
(To be Continued.)

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

IMPARTS NEW ENERGY TO THE BRAIN

giving the feeling and sense of increased intellectual power.

After the Parade.



Tom my Doolittle—Mister Weeks, the grocer, said you ought to be promoted, pop.

Mr. Doolittle—D-d he!

Tommy—Yes; he said you were the oddest looking rooster in the crowd.

Is a Cold Bath Dangerous to Ladies?

At a recent meeting of physic'ans in London the question of cold baths for ladies was brought up for discussion. It was unanimously decided that a woman received great benefit from a moderately cold bath, provided that she was free from chill afterwards. This can best be avoided by wearing a "Health Brand" pure wool undervest next the skin.

The Agent Had the Laugh.

The story teller was a book agent, nevertheless I enjoyed listening to him, as he reeled off the yarn something after this style:

"Down in the country lives a farmer who used to keep a bulldog for the special purpose of scaring away book agents and tramps, who, he claimed, generally would pester the life out of his wife and hired girl.

"Tiger was the dog's name and the man's nature.

"Now, if there was any one thing that Tiger enjoyed it was a live, long-legged, sound-lunged book agent, one who could run and yell. His rather melancholy countenance would light up the instant he caught sight of one of these gentle beings ambling up toward the front door. Then he would quietly slide in under the front stoop and calmly await the approach of his unsuspecting victim. When the book agent was within ten feet of the first step out would come old Tiger with a savage growl. The frightened agent, with a yell of terror, would bound backward and start on a breakline for the garden wall. But before he could take three bounds old Tiger, with a low, chuckling growl of pleasure, would fasten his sharp teeth in the seat of his trowsers and hang on until the farmer and his two hired men came with crowbars and grinning faces, pried his jaws apart and set the captive free.

"All this I learned from one who had recently been there.

"The gory tale set my heart in a tumult of indignation and I determined to teach that bulldog a lesson. I procured a tree pounds of the strongest cayenne pepper obtainable, fastened it firmly in the seat of my trowsers—my second best—and then I quietly loaded walked boldly up to the home of the cranky farmer and carnivorous bulldog.

"As I swung open the gate I saw old Tiger dodge in under the front piazza. I walked boldly on and when within about ten feet of the first step, with a blood-curdling growl old Tiger sprang for me. It was an awful sight, with his wide-open mouth full of gleaming ivories, and I turned and ran for all I was worth. Ere I had made three jumps I felt a jerk and heard a ripping, tearing sound, and then my ears were greeted with a howl of pain. I then knew that the bulldog had gotten his eyes, nose and mouth full of my second best trowsers and cayenne pepper. A great joy welled up into my heart and I stopped and watched the animal.

"He howled as though a hundred fiends had lent him their tongues, clawed at his mouth, rolled over balls of rare flowers, demolished costly rose bushes, turned double somersaults backward and forward and practiced all kinds of astounding gymnastical feats. At last one of the gyrations landed him on the back stoop. In a moment the swill barrel was tipped over and the farmer's wife and hired girl were upset in its contents. Great, then, was the confusion for a few moments. During this melee I thought it best to decamp, and turned and walked happily and triumphantly away. The next morning I passed the house and I passed over the brow of the hill, found him rolling over a lot of clothes that had just been laid out upon the grass to dry.

"The next day I called again to note results and to reap my reward.

"The moment I stepped within the yard I saw the bulldog, with head down and tail between his legs, start like a streak of spotted lightning for the barn, whence, ever and anon, long-drawn, agonizing howls reached my ears.

"When once in the house I was treated like a king. The farmer's wife and hired girl had not had a chance to talk with a book agent for six months, and consequently were almost wild with delight to see me. The old lady bought twenty dollars' worth of books, cash down, the hired girl had me write in her autograph album, where none but 'dearest friends' were allowed to scribble; and when at last I was compelled to go, the dear old lady gave me her blessing in a trembling voice, and a bible, while the hired girl, as she hid her streaming eyes in the folds of her neat over clean apron, begged me to send her my photograph and a lock of my auburn hair."—*N. Y. Herald.*

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Mrs. Joseph Leduc of St. Benoit writes us that only one bottle of Dr. Sey's Remedy has been sufficient to cure her of a pain in the stomach, due to bad digestion, and serious enough to prevent her from doing any work.

Too Much "Off."

Southern merchant—I've bought a good many silks in my time, Mo. How old a man do you suppose I am?

Moses Skulig—Well, about fiferty-eight years.

Southern merchant—Oh, no; you'll have to take fifteen off.

Papa Skulig (appearing suddenly and noiselessly)—V-a-a-a-t!!! fifterteen off!! Der yer vant ter gif me heart dusease? I nefer heart of such a tings. Ve nefer gif more as sefen off ten days; six off teearty!

What a cleaner that Lessive Phenix is! Try it upon anything. It is the ideal clothes washer, for it takes the place of the old harsh chemical washing powders, and makes every article sweet and clean, being efficacious with cottons and flannels alike. Then after using it in the wash, just try what it will do with silver, brass or metalware, in removing stains from wood; or in cleaning glass. You really can't believe it until you try it.

A Dangerous Rival

"Who is that giddy young thing over there to whom all those men are paying so much attention?"

"That's the chaperon," shouted a chorus of girls.

NO MORE BALD HEADS. NO MORE GREY HAIR

CAPILINE

CLEANLINESS, BEAUTY & EFFICACY ARE THE PROPERTIES OF THE RESTORER

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT. 50c.

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste

FOR CLEANING THE TEETH. 30 YEARS IN USE

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.

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Offer for sale all grades of refined

SUGARS AND SYRUPS

Of the well-known brand of

Redpath

Certificate of Strength and Purity:

CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
MCGILL UNIVERSITY.

To the Canada Sugar Refining Company:

GENTLEMEN,—I have taken and tested a sample of your EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.84 per cent. of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.

Yours truly,
C. F. GIRDWOOD.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

SURPRISE

Telling the Truth

about SURPRISE SOAP. How much labor it saves—how sweet and white it makes all linens and cottons as well as other clothing—how smooth and nice it leaves the hands—and then 'tis cheaper in every and any way you look at it. These advantages can't be overlooked. Use it yourselves; tell your servants it merits—let them use SURPRISE—it will benefit both.

It is satisfactory and saving all around.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

The Story of a Rose.

(From the French of Geo. Coutellier.)

I happened to be in Nice during the carnival of 1889, and having been invited by the Chief Magistrate then in power to occupy a place on the temporary stage erected before his residence, I threw myself into a most vigorous strife with the different maskers who passed up and down the street, some on foot, some on horseback and some in carriages.

Perhaps my readers have never taken part in the delightful folly which is known as the Carnival of Nice, therefore I must give them a faint idea of the tremendous masquerade. The celebration is held on the banks of the Paillon, and in the streets which surround the Chief Magistrate's residence. If you should ever find yourself in Nice during these happy and joyous days, you will be filled with enchantment at the appearance of the city, from the morning of "Great Sunday." You see no one but rejoicing creatures dressed up in the most original costumes, carrying in their hand the mask of iron wire, which is for their protection in the day's battle, having slung over their shoulder the bag which shall carry the plaster bon-bons necessary to carry on the war, and brandishing triumphantly the little shovel with its flexible whalebone handle, thanks to which they shall be able to fire their projectiles into the third story of the houses.

The carriages are not crowded with their proper coachmen; far from it. All the lackeys are disguised as clowns, harlequins and merry-andrews. Certainly a Canadian transported as by magic into this country of enchantment would be justified in believing himself surrounded by furious lunatics.

In those streets where the battle rages are many shops and housefronts and show windows. The sashes have been raised and in every opening have been erected at some expense lovely and elegant boxes, hung with all sorts of draperies. The house-windows as high as the third story, thanks to garniture of silk and satin, are transformed into charming frames destined for two days to encircle the prettiest heads of France, England, America—in short, from all parts of the world. It is needless to remark that every window and every loge is rented for a high price.

At half past twelve locomotion has already become difficult; the carriages stand four deep, preparing for the march back and forth in the pedestrian crowd and elbow on the pathway; the coachmen defy each other; the horses snort; the wayfarers are nervous. While in the bedecked windows, the masked creatures lean over the balconies, the stages are overloaded with sight-seers, and everybody is high-strung, excited and feverish. At one, at two o'clock, a cannon booms; the carriages at once move on, and the battle commences. Cries rend the air, challenges are exchanged, and combats fly in thick clouds. That is the time to gaze on the long line of carriages, first the elegant victorias, all enveloped in fine linen, then the wagonettes, covered in a like manner, a little farther off comes a car as high as a house, representing some allegorical subject; then a cavalcade arrives with mounted and caparisoned steeds; then the comic maskers, arousing the laughter and cheers of the crowd; closed carriages, scaffolded cars, make there war upon one another, bombarded each other with projectiles; the strife becomes more and more violent and hot-headed; in a word, everyone is happy, and takes a part in the general joyousness.

I was placed in the thick of the fight, on one of the first rows of the balcony of the magistrate's house, when I saw a very well appointed carriage, drawn by two bay horses. The carriage was invisible under a shroud of pink silk, and contained two persons, a man and a woman, who were masked. They appeared to be taking the greatest amusement from the universal tide of happiness, and they fought like lions. I soon perceived that the gentleman in this carriage only threw with one hand, and I concluded that he had lost an arm by amputation. The young woman who accompanied him, and scarcely took her eyes off him, helped him to pick out the comfits from the bag which lay upon the opposite seat. As they passed me, I engaged in a terrible conflict with the young couple when, just as I was struggling with the fire of my antagonists, I heard a young friend who was some distance away shouting to one of the occupants of the carriage. "Well, de Bonneville, why don't you come up here with us? Leave your carriage! I am sure you will here; our view is truly enchanting, and Madame la Comtesse will give us great pleasure if she will by her presence ornament the tribune of the Prefect."

After two or three words with his companion, de Bonneville ordered the coachman to drive to the side street, and a little later my two adversaries took their places beside my friend Aubrey.

"Oh, how tired I am! Oh, how funny it is! But I won't stay here long, my dear, I like better to be fighting in the streets! It is better fun!" Such was the speech I heard uttered with an American accent in a voice *a la Sara Bernhardt*, that is to say, of birdlike melody and sweetness. As she spoke the newcomer unmasked! "Superb! I was right, it is a lovely woman!" thought I, and I wasn't alone in my opinion. She was a simply adorable American! Brown of skin and black of hair, with a head like a fairy, coral lips and irreproachable teeth, she showed how beautiful an American brunette could be, with in addition a vivacity, a willfulness, an animation which would have outdone the most brilliant Parisienne. When she laughed her pretty chin wrinkled, and at either side of her mouth two little dimples appeared, giving her an expression at once gracious and coquettish. Everyone was staring at this young stranger, with the admiration, some of the women with a touch of envy. I examined her companion who had also unmasked. He was a handsome fellow, perfect type of a Parisian man about town, medium height, bearded in military style, slightly gray and bald, apparently about forty years of age and with a slightly sardonic expression which hinted at bygone trouble yet shadowing the brightness of after life.

His crippled arm gave him an interesting look, his frank and amiable expression attracted all who came in contact with him, while peeping from his buttonhole glowed the scarlet ribbon of the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

These people interested me; the pretty American, the crippled arm and the recovered of the husband, all suggested of something tragical or poetical in the past. I spoke of them to Aubrey, and asked for information. He remarked that I was right, the marriage had been romantic, and that he would have pleasure in telling me about it if I would dine with him that same evening.

I accepted his kindness, and as we smoked our after dinner cigar Aubrey enlightened me as follows:

De Bonneville first saw Mademoiselle Cora Walters in 1883, six years ago, in fact, during the carnival week of that year. It was, as is the custom here, on the Thursday preceding great Sunday, is to hold a Bazar for the poor, which is managed by all the most wealthy, beautiful and fashionable of women under our auspices. That year, Miss Walters was acknowledged as the belle, though we had beauties from Russia, England and everywhere. Everyone raved about her, she had admirers by the score, she was the sensation in Nice. She managed a flower stall in the Bazar, and I can tell you she made a goodly sum for the poor, the men and women thronged round her booth, buying here a violet, there a rose from the sweet child, who, with her silvery voice said no more than:

"Buy, buy, gentlemen and ladies, it is to help the poor!"

The last hour of the Bazar arrived, things brought marvellous prices at the depleted stalls, the charming salesswomen asking ridiculous figures for their wares.

Miss Cora had only one rose left, poor little flower, hanging its head piteously in the dust and heat, and everyone wanted that last rose. A gentleman who had helped the fair saleswomen during the Bazar suggested that as everyone could not buy it, it should be sold at auction to the highest bidder. He leapt upon the empty table and cried merrily, "The rose is for sale, how much for the rose?" "Twenty francs," "Forty," "Sixty," "a hundred," cried the crowd, running the bidding up to five hundred francs in a moment. Then, as the figures grew larger, one by one the bidders drop-ped, with a laugh and a laugh, until only two remained, a Russian and an Englishman. People said that both these wealthy men came to the bazar of Miss Cora, and that account apart from the natural antipathy between the races, they cordially detested one another.

Thus in the strife for the possession of the rose, their national pride as well as their personal vanity made each determined not to give in. Soon the price of the rose had reached 3,000 francs.

"3,500," said the young Englishman. "3,500" repeated the auctioneer. "No more is offered? Once, twice——" Suddenly from the bottom of the hall a strange voice cried, "4,000 francs."

Everyone turned to stare at the speaker, a strange, ugly man of about thirty years, and of a dark complexion.

"Come, gentlemen, 4,000 francs, 4,000 francs," "4,500," growled the Russian. "5,000," added the newcomer.

"Verily, that's too much for a rose," murmured the two former contestants.

"Gone at 5,000 francs to Mr.. Mr., what name?"

"M. le Comte de Bonneville if you please," said the victor, taking from his pocketbook five 1,000 franc notes and handing them to the young American, as he remarked gallantly: "Mademoiselle, it is too much to pay for the favor of buying a rose from Beauty herself." Their eyes met, the girl turned pale, she felt a sudden twinge at her heart, and murmured in trembling tones:

"Truly, sir, I do not know how to thank you in the name of the poor. May I at least fasten this rose together for you," and hastily untying a knot of ribbon from her gown, she bound the faded leaves together and handed it to the strange man, receiving in exchange five bank notes.

When M. de Bonneville had taken his departure with a silent obeisance, a murmur rose from the amazed crowd, which consisted of people well or slightly known to one another. "Who was this Monsieur de Bonneville? Could one be dum of such fool? To pay 5,000 francs for a rose! Why, he must be a nabob." "Stupid—idiotic," cried one. "No matter, he is chivalrous," said another.

Miss Walters stood lost in thought, in the shade of her empty flower booth. Then she approached one of her adorers, who was a young man of the most select circles, and asked impulsively: "Would you like to do me a great favor? Then go and find M. de Bonneville and present him to me."

"Yes, yes, I fly," said the man, thinking amusedly to himself: "Well, well, well. The Cora Walters has fallen in love. What a joke!"

But M. de Bonneville was not to be found, and two days afterwards, as society was busy recounting the romance of the Bazar, added the information that immediately after the sale of the rose, Monsieur de Bonneville had left his hotel, and announced his intention to travel, and furthermore added that he had risked and lost on the same day the large sum of 250,000 francs at Monte Carlo.

After that thoughtful people classed him as a theatrical fool, but Miss Walters did not agree with them. Ever since the notable auction of the rose, she had dreamed of the young man who had royally thrown into the poor box, perhaps his last bank bill.

Aubrey gave me a good deal to have met her lavish buyer, just to discover what had urged him to commit so senseless an act. But there was no likelihood of her ever meeting, as no one seemed to know where he had disappeared to, and the newspapers, after buying themselves about the incident for two or three days, took up some newer sensation, and everyone but the young American dropped M. de Bonneville into the chasm of the overlooked and forgotten.

About a week later Miss Walters received a letter postmarked Naples, and on opening it was astonished to read the following lines:

MADEMOISELLE,—Forgive me for writing to you. It is no doubt rather presuming on the part of a stranger, who only knows you by the rose, but I am sure you will pardon the liberty when I tell you that I write to thank you for having saved my life and become my good angel. Without your generous charity I should myself ruined. My last bank note was honored in the purchase of your last flower. I had a mad idea in my head when I bought it, I had spare it, but then, Mademoiselle, I saw you! Life henceforth had for me an ambition to see you again, not as I am, ruined, a spendthrift, a madman, but as one who has taken by hard discipline and labor I shall have proved myself a being worthy of your notice. Morever, I feel confident that I shall have proved to be love that my precious rose will bring me good luck. I shall always keep it, and who knows, it may so guide my steps as to bring me once more before the fairest of flowers. A poor wretch who begs you not to think of him as a fool, but on the contrary as a hopeless case whom the sight of you has saved.

DE BONNEVILLE.

Though he was self-accused, and well known in the world to have gambled away a princely fortune, this pathetic note touched the young American. Some days after she prevailed upon her ever indulgent father to take her to Naples, where for two whole days she embittered by the thought of the unhappy de Bonneville in poverty and loneliness, her waking hours were often spent in surreptitious search for tidings of him, which were, however, equally vain in affording her comfort or satisfaction.

Mr. Walters, finally, being recalled to his native country by events of the civil war, found himself scarcely able to arrange his affairs to the preservation of his large fortune, and he determined retired for a season to the seclusion of a quiet country home, at this time sufficiently removed from the scene of the terrible struggle, where she found ample material to picture her foreign *chevalier* in every dire strait which poverty, illness or despair could afford.

Together with an endowment of beauty and grace, she had inherited from her Southern mother a warm and passionate nature, tempered by the cool, calculating and practical sense of her Northern father, made a type at once strong, ardent and unchangeable.

Even in those tumultuous days of war and dismay some took time to love and woo the passive girl, but they found her unresponsive, engrossed, had they but guessed it, in her successful but absent rival. She often read and re-read that little letter, and wondered at the words which assured her that life had become dear to the writer only that he might see her again. The charity *fete*, the depleted table, the crowds of curious listeners, came before her in dreams, mostly the grave voice which said always: "It is not much to pay," though it was indeed all that remained to him. The tide of war rolled on, the southern country I cause where she lived in her dream of other days, and Mr. Walters made arrangements to have her taken farther into the interior, but before they were completed a sudden change of tactics, a forced march and a cordon of hostile troops made the journey impossible. All round the stately home in camp-fires burned and sentries watched for the advancing enemy. They came when dawn was just breaking over the hills, and the firing of artillery and the boom of cannon announced the engagement begun. The battle raged, bullets whistled through the air, guns and horses clattered along the road on the gallop, from afar off came the cries and groans of the wounded and the dying. She, poor Cora, fled to the farthest room in the house, but still seemed to realize all the horrors of the combat. Towards evening the noise of firing ceased, the Southerners were in flight, the trumpet sounded the recall, night fell over the fields of dead and suffering.

The litter bearers cared for them rudely, they picked up the wounded and carried them to the different ambulances, many of which had been posted on the property of Mr. Walters.

Miss Walters presently returned to her boudoir, where was at that moment a young housemaid, pretty and an American, of as inquisitive a nature as could be found among young girls, which is saying a good deal. The young maid had run out of the house to take a peep at the road and had suddenly returned in search of her mistress.

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" she cried, "it is horrible! All those poor creatures that they are carrying on litters! What a pity, Mademoiselle! Just met four ambulance men who were carrying a young officer, they said he was a Frenchman. It seems that when they found him, painting in the fields, he was clutching this faded flower convulsively in his left hand. He let it fall by the way and I picked it up. Must the French be romantic, my dear? a kid rose such a long distance! What queer people!"

Miss Walters had not power to utter a single word. She stood open-mouthed, with staring eyes. The flower tied with ribbon which her maid had picked up was the bought for five thousand francs at the charity sale! Thus it was then, that she had found de Bonneville, perhaps already a corpse! At last she seemed to rouse herself from her dream, and seizing the flower: "Where is he? Where is he, this officer? Take me to him, quick, quick! *Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu! Mademoiselle!*" stammered the astounded servant. "Run, I tell you, for heaven's sake. Do you know where he is?" "I think he has gone down to the ambulance established on the farm beside the river."

Without hat or wrap Miss Walters took her way, and a few moments later entered the farm house living-room. The floor was covered with wounded men awaiting operations, and upon the large table in the middle of the room M. de Bonneville was stretched out. He had received a bullet in the forearm and they were in the act of amputating the member.

His back was turned to Miss Walters as the arm fell.

"*Sacre!* he is no coward, this satanic Frenchman," said the surgeon. "He didn't even cry out once, but what the dickens does he keep repeating in his Parisian tongue? He has never stopped talking about a flower which he fancies he has lost. He must be delirious!"

At this moment Miss Walters showed herself. The surgeon Cousin gazed at her a long time, then grew pale, saying: "Ah, ha! you have found it—my rose. I lost it when I fainted. Well, I was right to keep it, I was superstitious and to say this rose would bring me happiness; I was sure that I should find you in the end!"

Miss Walters supported the wounded man's head, and made a sign to the ambulance corps, and some moments later, M. de Bonneville was safely installed in the neighboring mansion.

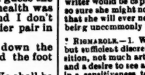
No need to talk further. You can guess the rest. As the young man's health had was restored they two were married, and I don't believe you could find to-day a happier pair in the whole wide world.

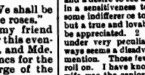
The story was told. We went down the restaurant stairs, and as we reached the foot we heard a merry voice exclaiming:

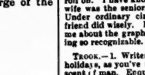
"Let us go, Pierre. Hurry up! We shall be late for the sale. We must buy some roses."

"Do you hear that?" inquired my friend Aubrey. "They are going to the Bazar of evening—at the Club. Every season M. and Mde. de Bonneville give one thousand francs for the poor to the young girl who is in charge of the flower stall."

COBOURG, July 18, 1891.







It Saved Him.

"Given up to die!" Well, let's see what saved him: "Fulton, N. Y., U. S. A., January, 30, 1889. I have suffered a year and a half with a rheumatism in my limbs; used crutches, and was given up to die by prominent physicians. St. Jacobs Oil cured me. JOHN WOLCOTT."

Couldn't Fool Her!

When Mr. David Dear (winner of the Queen's Prize at Bisley this year) was a law student, he once attended an At Home. On the sewant asking his name, he replied "Mr. David." The girl blushed, and said: "Yes, yes; but what is your name, sir?" He assured her he had no other name. But it was of no use; the servant knew better, and announced him as "Mr. David."

Besides the invaluable property of restoring the hair to its original beauty and color, Capilline claims that of cleansing the scalp, removing dandruff, preventing its falling out and promoting its healthy growth.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in after August 15. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their time with inquiries as to when writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

LEON.—Gentleness and kindness, deliberate thought and action, tendness for romance and love of the ideal, a suave and gracious manner, very constant and loyal affection, contentment and amiability.

ORA.—This is a strong, sensible, handsome chirography, with lines of hope and geniality, generosity and candor. Writer has sufficient firmness, great sympathy and kindness, energy and good temper. Will no doubt succeed in life's world.

CLARISSA.—Writing shows impatience, some selfishness, rather a close and reserved nature, and great ambition and self-reliance. Writer is not unamiable, but rather sharp in speech and judgment. Impossible to answer you out of your hurry.

VIOLA.—Your writing shows ambition, hope, perseverance and rather a capricious fancy. You are discreet and have good judgment, some wit and can show temper sometimes. You are fond of the good things of life and a little anxious for notice from the opposite sex.

ARISTOBULE.—An energetic, hopeful and able character, good perseverance, and great force and decision, tempered by kindness and amiability, all the lines are pleasing and full of suggestion, individuality and self-reliance are strong, ambition powerful, and judgment and perception good.

MARION.—Rather a meagre study. Writing shows amiability, some energy, a certain amount of idealism, rather a careless method, some exaggeration, rather a pleasant and genial manner; I don't think the letter is quite formed enough. It lacks decision, impulse, and the very few words are not very characteristic.

LOVE-BIRD, CHARLES, Elsinore.—1. I quite agree with your opinion of Lorna Doone. It is a charming book, the best of Blackmore's. 2. Your writing shows good judgment, love of the beautiful, some fondness for conversation and great amiability. You are hopeful and have some sense of humor, some ambition and could not be "vicious" if you tried.

E. P.—Writing shows determination, ability, temper, tenacity rather a high opinion of self, and lack of judgment and justice in estimating others. Writer has ambition and would probably wish to lead, socially or otherwise, could be passionate and bitter under provocation, but very loyal and loving to those who claim his affection. Has little intuitive perception and lacks sympathy.

PEARLE.—Your writing has been delineated. If I have time I will look up the date. You say you probably had a reading for an answer after a month had passed, my dear correspondent, I am now answering the duly letters, so no wonder you did not see your answer. While I am sorry for your disappointment I have so often remarked on the necessity for patience to my correspondents that I am a little surprised as you.

BOX.—Writing shows energy and ambition, sense of humor and good judgment, with good perseverance, if any women could. Is also rather observant and original in her way of thinking, is with little independence of the ripin lon (?) is social and prone to gang her sin gale. Lady Gay desires her best thanks for your kind criticisms, and assures you that she never resents or is vexed at, but she ey joys the pleasure you mention so much, and hopes your want will soon be filled.

LEON.—Letter and clippings from diary received. Do not be discouraged because you tire easily. You don't practice enough. You should go regularly every day. No doubt enough ends are tying. I wish you had some of our nice smooth asphalt. Did you come into Hamilton to see the concert of the seventh? Young sends his love to Dabby, and intends to send him his photo. I enjoyed reading your picnic chronicles exceedingly and hope to manage that sketch of the ball for you and them soon.

AIX.—Writing shows affection and studied mannerism, rather a large conceit and a disposition to probably need self and concessions from others. Is hopeful, amiable, generous, and affectionate, lacks decision and force of will, is rather obstinate and apt to jump to conclusions on slight. The kind of female one would be pleased to alternately shake and caress. As it is not a matter of life and death, I hope you can meet your fate with equanimity, and at any rate you can now vary your answer to inquiring friends.

PANDORA.—Great self-will and determination of character, ambition and desire for success, love of praise and not the most patient or humble way of meeting blame, delicacy, some energy, marred by want of perseverance and caprice. Writer is neither too cautious nor yet too generous, but while fond of conversation has a wholesome reserve, which checks what others would call indiscretion. The writing betrays a careless and undisciplined mind, with enough generosity and good nature to condone many faults.

SIR NOTE.—Your enclosure shows great conscientiousness, fine judgment, great concentrativeness and love of order and intercourse, some perception, not great origina ity. Writer is kind and truthful, and probably sweet-tempered, has a quiet sense of humor, is very conscientious and may rather aversse to display and any sort of exaggeration, is apt to magnify trifles. She would be very faithful and loyal to a friend, and though rather averse on wrong doing, would be gentle with the sinner, is cautious matter of fact, and unlikely to let the heart overrule the head.

ELSIE BARRINGTON.—Writing shows rather a wilful impulse and some temper. The writer loves her own way, has great perseverance and thinks a point of it or notoriety and indulgence of her senses, is rather reserved in expression, but has love of display and great ideas of what is her due, loves to build castles in airy nothing. I don't think writer would be capable of a mean action, though I am not so sure she would not commit a foolish one. I don't think she will ever need to bolster up herself or her opinions, being uncommonly well fitted to stand alone.

S RHEMBOLS.—1. Writing shows fondness for conversation, but a little discretion and tact would not add a little dignity, much artistic or poetic taste, some ambition, and a tendency to an easy life, rather inclined to be selfish in a sensitiveness to fancied slights. The writing shows some indifference to praise, and rather a peppery temper, but on the whole a true and lovable nature, which is to be known to be appreciated. 2 The marriage could only be a success under very peculiar circumstances. Somehow, there always seems a disadvantage to the woman in the case you mention. Those few years make more difference as time roll on. I have known several happy couples of women the wife was the senior, but I have also seen the opposite. Under ordinary circumstances, however, I think your friend did wisely. I was a little bit scared at what you told me about the graphological description of your friend being so correct, but I am quite reassured now.

TROOK.—1. Writers to this column don't seem to observe holidays, as you've no doubt found out. 2. Darwin's descent of man. Enquire at the Public Library. Woman, so far as my observation goes, and it has been extensive, I could scarcely promise that, but we can prevent them from conveying us—at least of that what we are here for to do. I believe in it so much that I would never become a subject and I do not think it is advisable under ordinary circumstances you mention. I should advise her to control her natural desire to study and give her sight every care. She can hear lectures and read books, and then have her own thoughts and arguments and discussions, all of which will improve her, but I would strongly beg her not to risk the dreadful fate of blindness. I am sorry for the sake of a brother, but I would advise her to be a head of knowledge (?) rather than a blind leader of the blind.

THEODORA.—Your extraordinary effusion should have some sort of an answer, but I scarcely know what sort would be most use. I don't think it would do any good to you or quite about, nor do I weave romances round my gentlemen correspondents. You ask if I admired the school ma'am who visited Toronto? I admire many of the things you or quite about, nor do I weave romances round my gentlemen correspondents. You ask if I admired the school ma'am who visited Toronto? I admire many of the things I did, but I liked some of them. I could tell you how much salary the lecturer of that school got, but I am not going to, nor the bank rules as to their marrying either. If you would let them and their salaries alone, and go to work at your sketch book, you would be better off. You say you think your handwriting has probably changed since it was last delineated, and is far more deliberation. Now, if anything could be more exasperating than your letter, it would be this request. Get you gone, Theodora, and learn to spell, and write a decent letter, and then say your rational friend tells you he can eat twice as much after reading one of your letters, and that it gives him a brightness and pleasantness. This declaration illustrates the proverb that What is one man's meat is another man's poison. Please don't do him more cruelty, but not to me.

CHRIS.—You may certainly write again, all three of you, but don't you know I protest against more than one enclosure? Moreover, this one time, I will answer you as one matterers, I am going to be amiable. Your writing and your sister Mordecai's show the following traits in common: Affectionate disposition, good temper, intuitive and animation. She has less of the last named trait than yourself. You have more self-reliance, or assertion, and more power to say to judicious things and more swayed by erratic impulses. I should rather trust her with a difficult or a delicate matter than you, but you would be more decided action, not long continued. She has the greater pathos, you have the quicker sight. You ask if I have graphology. Sometimes, my dear. Like other things which are of routine, it become a drug when one isn't in the humor for it. It is very interesting. Tell Mordecai to be sure she has patience and perseverance galore. I only make you this suggestion because I remember your study first. I have never stopped in your town, though I have frequently passed through it and wondered at its rapid growth.

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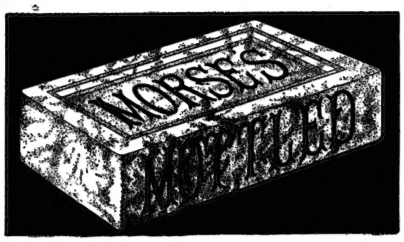

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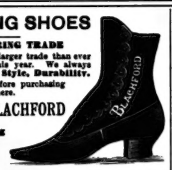

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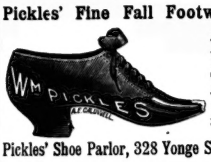

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

ding. Many handsome presents were received from Winnipeg, England, Dakota, Ontario, and friends in the city who met to offer their hearty congratulations to this popular member of the Ontario Art Society, and Mrs. Revell who is so well known in Toronto musical circles. Among those present were Mr., Mrs. and Miss Armson, Mr. and Mrs. Clatmitby, Mr. and Mrs. Bentley, Messrs. Bromly, Prof. and Miss Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Van Ostrand, Miss Byam, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Chorley, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Dixon, Mr. J. Lester Nichols, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Yeo, Mr. and Mrs. T. McGillicuddy, Miss McGillicuddy, Miss Kate McGillicuddy, the Misses Dawkins, Mr. Reginald Darby, Mr. Percy Darby, and Mr. Charles Bradley of Buffalo.

•

Mrs. D. W. Lamont and family have gone to Boston and other eastern cities for an extended visit.

•

Miss Sydney Tully, who is at present sketching in the north of Ireland, will return to Toronto and resume her painting classes in October.

•

Mr. S. H. Allen of the Standard Bank has gone east for a fortnight's vacation.

•

Mrs. W. F. Smith of Montreal is visiting friends on Leonard avenue.

•

Mrs. Charles Wilbur, who has been spending the summer here, has returned to New York, accompanied by her sister, Miss King.

•

Mrs. James Pringle and family have gone for a month to visit friends in Chicago and Sibley.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symons and family of Howard street have returned to the city.

•

Dr. Murray McFarlane, who has been in New York for the past six months, has returned to the city.

•

Master Harold Maulson has returned to St. John's College, Winnipeg, after summering with his relatives at Lake Rosseau.

•

Miss Hunter of the *Home Magazine*, Washington has been visiting in Toronto this week.

•

An aboriginal looking invitation on brown pasteboard, bade the friends of Wigwam Fancy Free to a dinner at the Island on Friday of last week. Chief McLean, Sachem Dixon, Warrior Ford and Medicine Man McCuaig, presented a Hiawatha-like committee at the end of a poetical invitation which aroused the admiration of their friends. A jolly pow wow was held, the pipe of peace was smoked and the season closed with all the honors.

•

Miss Helen E Fraser, daughter of Mr. James Fraser of Walker avenue, North Toronto, has left for Japan as a missionary of the Presbyterian church.

•

Captain and Adjutant J. B. McLean of the Grenadiers has returned from a six weeks' trip to Europe.

•

At the Academy on Saturday last the boxes were filled with juvenile theater parties. I noticed a charming body of little ones with Mr. Barlow Cumberland, opposite a similar party with Mr. Gooderham. The small people in the boxes and the small people on the stage much enjoyed each other.

•

Mr. W. B. Hamilton, who has been touring in Europe, has since his return met with a nasty accident on an overcrowded Exhibition street car.

•

Miss Agnes Crawford's lecture on Delsarte and his System aroused great interest among the *elite* of Toronto. The lady is of equal grace in speech and movement, and has a clear and attractive delivery. She will doubtless succeed in forming a large class among the people who appreciate culture and improved methods therefor.

•

A fashionable assembly gathered at St. George's Church on Tuesday afternoon to witness the marriage of Mr. George Herbert Jones, eldest son of Mr. Jonas Ap. Jones of London, Eng., and Miss Louisa Frances Murray, daughter of Mr. Huson Murray, Q.C., of Toronto. The Rev. Prof. Jones, uncle of the groom, assisted by the Rev. Canon Cayley, performed the ceremony. The bride wore a robe of ivory duchess satin, flounced with old Limerick lace, which had been also the garniture of her mother's wedding gown. The trained skirt was trimmed with roses, and a bridal veil and orange blossoms finished the charming toilette. The veil was caught by a diamond star, the gift of the bride's father. The bouquet was of white roses. Miss E. M. Murray, sister of the bride, acted as maid of honor, and Mr. W. W. Jones supported the groom. The guests were ushered to their seats by Messrs. S. Y. Baldwin, Sydney Jones and Harold Parsons. The bride's traveling dress was a costume of bluish gray cloth; mantle to match, with Russian collar, and a hat of gray and scarlet. Mr. and Mrs. Jones left by the afternoon train for New York.

•

A very pleasant At Home was given a few evenings since by Mrs. Chadwick at her Island residence, which was largely attended by her numerous friends. During the evening an amusing charade entitled Matrimony was acted. The following ladies and gentlemen took part in it, viz: The Misses Chadwick, Nunn, Ruthven, McMurray and Messrs. Patterson, Winans and McMurray. Miss Ruthven scored a decided success, and Miss Chadwick, whose gown was much admired, also acted a difficult part extremely well. Mr. McMurray as Dennis was very good and he put himself thoroughly *en rapport* with his audience. After the play was over the guests partook of refreshments. Amongst those present were the following: Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Ireland, Miss Mabel Ruthven, the Misses MacDougall, Mr. and Miss Robertson, Miss E. Muntz, Miss B. Thompson, Miss Watson, Miss Sproule, Miss Fuller, Miss Matthews, Mrs. MacMurray, Miss Amy Hope, and Messrs. Ireland, Sproule, Robertson, H. Muntz, L. MacMurray, J. Thompson, together with many others.

•

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Garrett of Prince Edward county are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Huycke Garrett of Bay street.

•

The Lieut. Governor and Miss Campbell were At Home on Wednesday afternoon at Government House from four to six o'clock. The Grenadiers' Band played on the lawn, and the weather was all that could be desired. Sir Alexander Campbell was unfortunately prevented by illness from being present. A few of the gowns worn were:—Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, white silk, drapings of lace; Mrs. Henry Duggan, brown and yellow chiffon; Mrs. Gordon Brown, heliotrope, drooping hat of black; Miss Beatty, white foulard and lace; Miss Amy Beatty, absinthe green, embroidered in white; Mrs. William Boultbee, gray satin, *en train*; Miss Boultbee, cream China silk, large hat of cream tulle; Mrs. A. S. Vankoughnet, cream henrietta, embroidered with gold bands; Miss Millican, pale green sateen, white lace flouncings; Miss Bunting, heliotrope silk, with chiffon flouncing in a deeper shade; Mrs. A. Jukes Johnson, gray henrietta, yellow borders and laced prettily with gold cordinge; Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, green mull and white lace chapeau; Mrs. E. King-Dodds, heliotrope bengaline with embroideries, small bonnet of heliotrope; Miss Frances Smith, white cashmere striped in dark blue, blue toque; Miss Homer-Dixon, sea green silk with white embroideries; Mrs. Percival Ridout, white henrietta, ostrich feather trimming, and gold passementerie; Miss Sutherland, gray cord silk, silver and gray chapeau; Mrs. Percy Rutherford, green cord silk, pale pink slashings; Miss Hodgins, cream cashmere, sleeves of brocade and drooping hat; Miss King-Dodds, fawn satin stripe cloth, gold passementeries, cream hat with gold aigrettes; Miss Connie Jarvis, gray henrietta and velvet sleeves, black lace hat; Miss Evans, blue China silk, cream hat of chiffon; Miss J. Coretsky, black silk, with black toque.

•

A pretty wedding took place in St. Margaret's church on Wednesday afternoon. The bride was Miss Clementina Wedd, daughter of Prof. Wedd of Upper Canada College, and the groom, Mr. Henry John Webster, third son of Mr. C. Webster of Kendal, England. The bride wore a gray cashmere suit, with silk sleeves and hat to match. She carried a bouquet of cream roses. The bridesmaid was Miss C. Wedd, who wore pale green cashmere and hat *en suite*, and also carried cream roses. The best man was Mr. Walter Bonnell. Mr. and Mrs. Webster have gone for three weeks to New York, and on their return will take up house on Crawford street.

•

Mr. Mull has returned after singing during vacation in the States.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

Mrs. and Miss Cotter have returned from a visit to friends in Dunnville.

Messrs. L. R. and W. Boys and Miss K. Boys recently took the Mackinaw trip.

Miss Buchan of Toronto is visiting Mrs. Spotton.

Miss Law is visiting friends in town.

Several small musicales, which were given lately, passed off very pleasantly.

Miss Dyment returned last week from a two months' continental tour. Miss Chapman of Hamilton is the guest of Mrs. Dyment.

Mrs. Cotter gave a small musicale on Tuesday evening of last week.

A progressive euchre party was given by Mrs. Spotton on Thursday evening, at which some twenty young people spent a very enjoyable evening.

Mr. Ernest Kortright of the Bank of Toronto has again been stationed here. As usual Mr. Kortright is gladly welcomed.

Miss M. Sanford of New York is visiting her sister, Mrs. George A. Radenhurst.

Miss Watson, who was the guest of Mrs. Wells, has returned to her home in Toronto.

Mrs. Campbell is visiting friends in Port Dover. Mr. W. and Miss Campbell have returned from Toronto.

Miss Pepler and Miss Major sailed this week for England. During their year's visit here they made many warm friends, by whom they will be much missed.

Rev. Mr. Giles of Chester, Eng., has been visiting his sons here lately, and was the guest of Mrs. Morris. Mr. Giles occupied the pulpit of Trinity church on the evening of the Sunday he spent in town and delivered a most pleasing sermon.

PORT HOPE.

Society here has been interested in the marriage of Mr. J. Eudore Painchaud of Montreal to Miss Agnes E. Trayes, daughter of Mr. J. B. Trayes, editor of the Port Hope *Times*, one of our most influential citizens. The ceremony was celebrated in the presence of the relatives of the bride and groom, Rev. Mr. Lynch officiating. Miss Rosa Gaudrie, cousin of the bride, fulfilled in a most charming manner the duties of bridesmaid, and the groom was supported by his cousin Mr. E. M. Seymour of Rochester, N. Y. The bride's brilliant beauty was increased by her rich and elegant costume—a traveling gown of pearl-blue Henrietta cloth and satin brocade. She carried a magnificent bouquet of white roses, the gift of the groom's mother. The bridesmaid, Miss Gaudrie, wore a pretty costume of blue silk and also carried a superb bouquet. Mrs. J. B. Trayes, mother of the bride, wore a becoming costume of gray silk and black lace; Mrs. John Trayes, grandmother of the bride, was attired in black silk; Mrs. Painchaud, the groom's aunt, wore a costume of rich black lace. The costumes of the other guests were handsome and appropriate to the occasion. After the ceremony the party returned to the residence of the bride's father where the bridal banquet was partaken of, during the course of which many congratulatory speeches were made. At eight o'clock the happy young couple repaired to the depot, where a large number of friends had assembled to bid them farewell. They took the west bound train for Buffalo and will spend their honeymoon on a short American tour. Port Hope is honored in being the birthplace of the fair bride, and it is with regret that her host of friends surrender her to Montreal, which is to be her future home. She will be sincerely missed in social gatherings where she has always been one of the most attractive and admired. Amongst the bridal gifts, which were all valuable and elegant, was an elaborate cabinet of silver presented by the Montreal associates of the groom. The most cordial congratulations are extended to the young couple by the citizens of Port Hope, all of whom have a sincere regard for the young and beautiful bride.

THE BON MARCHE'S

Superb Stock of Mantles, Amounting to $20,000.00

- - - Has Just Arrived - - -

DOLMANS, ULSTERS AND WALKING JACKETS FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN

NEW WELL LIGHTED MANTLE SHOW ROOM UPSTAIRS

LEADING STYLES FOR 1891—AS FOLLOWS:

Ladies' 3-4 Plain Beaver Walking Jackets
Ladies' 3-4 Beaver (lamb trimmed) Walking Jackets
Ladies' Elegant 3-4 Plush Walking Jackets
Ladies' Rich 3-4 Sealette Walking Jackets
Ladies' Handsome Plush Dolmans
Ladies' Fine Cloth Dolmans
Ladies' Checked Wool French Wraps
☞Now in such great demand
Ladies' Silk-Lined Circulars
Ladies' Fur-Lined Circulars
Children's Blue Serge Jackets
Misses' Blue Serge Jackets
Misses' Ulsters in Tweed and Beaver
Ladies' Fur Reversible Wrap Shawls
Ladies' Fine Waterproof Cloaks
☞Largest stock in Toronto

LADIES--We invite your early inspection of the above goods. And bear in mind, all will be sold at the WELL KNOWN "BON MARCHE" PRICES. F. X. COUSINEAU & CO., 7 and 9 King St East

CREME DE VENUS

FOR THE COMPLEXION
CREME DE VENUS has no equal. It readily removes skin blemishes such as
FRECKLES, TAN, BROWN SPOTS, Etc.
Where the skin is injured through the use of poisonous preparations, Creme de Venus will restore it to a healthy condition. It is not a Cosmetic, but a scientific remedy.

HAVE YOU A HEADACHE?
TRY GERMAN HEADCAHE POWDER. Instant relief is guaranteed. This powder contains neither antipyrine nor any opiate. Its action is reliable and perfectly harmless.
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THOSE STANDARD REMEDIES.

German Headache Powder

PIANOS
FOR
= HIRE =
AT
MASON & RISCH'S

Parties desiring pianos for hire for the coming season will please notify us of their requirements as soon as possible, so as to prevent disappointment later on.

MASON & RISCH,
32 King Street West.

112 YONGE STREET

MISS HOLLAND

Desires to intimate to her customers and ladies generally that, having associated herself in business with MISS DUFFY, long and favorably known in the Mantle trade, they will together open a showroom for MANTLE and DRESS-MAKING in connection with MILLINERY, where ladies may see a large selection of MANTLES, JACKETS and ULSTERS in the newest makes and all sizes, which, together with reasonable prices, will place them in the forefront of the trade. Miss Duffy, being celebrated for her CUT, FIT and FINISH, ladies will find it to their advantage to inspect their stock before purchasing, all the goods being entirely new. The latest designs shown in Paris, London and New York will be found to meet the taste of those desiring fashionable garments for Fall and Winter wear.

Newest styles in Millinery now on view.

The Great Rush

For fine ordered clothing is at my establishment, 106 King Street West. Good materials, trimmings and workmanship, combined with elegance of style and fit, are the inducements which I offer the public.

As I have an immense assortment of New Fall and Winter Goods to select from, every gentleman should examine my stock before purchasing.

J. W. CHEESEWORTH
106 King Street West

PROF. DAVIS'

Academy of Dancing
102 Wilton Ave.
ESTABLISHED - 1859

Classes for Juveniles, Ladies and Gentlemen always forming and in progress.

33rd Season Now Open

See circular.

Around the Corner

You will find the great establishment of Harry Collins, where you can get the best assortment of Stoves, Ranges and General Housefurnishings in the city. It will pay you to remember which corner it is around, and it will pay you to find the establishment afterwards; for there, in the best equipped and appointed store in the city, is the finest variety of general housekeepers' goods that have ever been offered, and at prices that will ensure a certain sale. The address is around the north-west corner of Yonge and Adelaide streets, and opposite the Grand Opera House. The name is one of the best known in the city.

H. A. COLLINS & CO.
6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West

Do You want a MANTLE at McKENDRY'S ?
You can get
The best assortment
The newest ideas
The closest prices

Our showroom is brimful of novelties in childrens, maids and ladies' mantles. Nothing but the choicest goods kept in stock, but the prices are kept well down within the range of ordinary goods.

MILLINERY

Several new pattern Hats and Bonnets to hand, also hundreds of new ideas in Aigrettes feathers, trimmings, &c. We lead the trade in elegant millinery goods, that is conceded on all hands. Look out for our regular Fall opening.

McKENDRY'S
202 YONGE STREET
6 Doors North of Queen

WHEN wanting a carriage of any description don't fail to call at our repository and see the LARGEST and FINEST display of all kinds of vehicles in the Dominion.

Fashionable Mantles.

N. Rooney, 62 Yonge street, now has his mantle room open, and is showing a wonderful variety of mantles, cloaks and jackets at manufacturers' prices. Silk sealettes in many qualities. Swiss and Belgian lace curtains, eiderdown quilts, also a special line of hand loom double damask tablecloths, all sizes, which will be sold at 25 per cent. less than usual prices, and a well assorted stock of linen goods of all kinds, including towels, napkins, handkerchiefs, table linen, etc. Black silks in merveilleux, surah, faille, francaise, Bonnet's perfection and gros grain.

He Agreed.

Mrs. Chatty—If there is anything I do hate it's a tattler. Now, only this morning I heard that Mrs.——

Mr. Chatty (raising his hand)—Now, don't. I hate tattling, too!

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Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Roughness, Redness and Hardness of the Skin, and Prevents Wrinkles
PREPARED ONLY AT
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 Yonge Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

JONES—At Toronto, on September 13, Mrs. George A. Jones—a daughter.

LENNARD—At Dundas, on September 15, Mrs. S. J. Lennard—a son.

LANGMUIR—At Toronto, on September 15, Mrs. A. D. Langmuir—a son.

MCAUL—At Halifax, N. S., on August 29, Mrs. C. C. McCaul—a son.

MACINTOSH—At Toronto, on September 9, Mrs. H. F. Macintosh—a son.

MARKS—At Toronto, on September 6, Mrs. J. W. Marks—a daughter.

MACDONALD—At Toronto, on September 5, Mrs. Donald Macdonald—a son.

PURPLE—At Toronto, on August 31, Mrs. F. E. Purple—a son.

RADCLIFFE—At Aurora, on September 8, Mrs. D. A. Radcliffe—a son.

TAIT—At Toronto, on September 11, Mrs. Thos. Tait—a daughter.

WAGNER—At Toronto, on September 5, Mrs. W. J. Wagner—a son.

HEIGHINGTON—At Toronto, on September 3, Mrs. J. Heighington—a daughter.

TIRRELL—At Hamilton, on September 8, Mrs. James W. Tyrrell—a daughter.

MCTAVISH—At Toronto, on September 14, Mrs. Mc Tavish—a son.

SMELLIE—At Toronto, on September 13, Mrs. W. Smellie—a daughter.

DENOVAN—At Toronto, on September 14, Mrs. Joshua Denovan—a son.

ANDERSON—At Ottawa, on September 1, Mrs. F. C Anderson—a son.

WATSON—At Toronto, on September 11, Mrs. William E. Watson—a son.

Marriages.

HEES-REED—At 31 St. Joseph street, on Wednesday, Sept. 16, by Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, William Rathbun Hees to Dora J., only daughter of Mr. Joseph B. Reed.

HILKER—CARROLL—At the Parish Church, Kingston, Jamaica, on Saturday, August 22, by Rev. G. W. Downer, Adam E. Hilker of Westmoreland parish, Jamaica, to Maude, only daughter of Cyrus Carroll, Hamilton, Canada.

RUSSELL—STEWART—At Woodbridge, on September 14, James Russell of Toronto to Margaret Stewart.

BEMROSE—WILLSON—At Churchill, on September 2, James Bemrose to Evelene Willson.

MCCOLGAN—WADDELL—At Elora, on September 9, Robert M. Colgan to Isabella Waddell.

TAIG—ROSS—At Grafton, on September 9, Rev. Wm. Haig of Hyde Park, Ont., to Helen R. ss.

DRUMM—CULLODEN—At Milton, on September 10, Rev. A. H. Drumm to Anna Culloden.

HEPBURN—HOWSMAN—At Quebec, on September 9, Robert Rickart Hepburn to Mary Augusta Howsman.

JONES—MURRAY—At Toronto, on September 15, Geo. Herbert Jones to Louisa Frances Murray.

BALM—HOLMAN—At Toronto, on September 9, Harry Balm to Mary Selina Holman.

GOWER—FIOTT—At Toronto, on September 2, Richard C. Gower to Mary Ann Fiott.

KILBURN—PATERSON—At Owen Sound, on September 9, George S. Kilburn to Maggie D. Paterson.

CASSIDY—RAPER—At Toronto, on September 10, James Cassidy to Alice Raper of Newmarket.

CHRISTIE—CORBET—At Toronto, on September 9, Robert Christie to Agnes Corbet.

CAMERON—HARRIS—At Toronto, on September 9, Charles Edward Cameron to Edith Harris.

BOWLES—SMALL—At Toronto, on September 10, George Bowles to Frances Mary Small.

ELLARD—FITZGERALD—At Mount St. Louis, on September 8, H. F. Ellard to Maggie Fitzgerald.

RAMSAY—BURKHOLDER—At Woodbridge, on September 8, Edwin A. Ramsay to Lizzie Burkholder.

MCKEOWN—MEEK—At Alton, on September 8, Charles D. McKeown to Lillie Alice Meek.

HURLBERT—VANNOSTRAND—At Thornbury, on September 9, Albert VanNostrand to Gertrude Hurlbert.

Deaths.

MCNEIL—At Bay City, Mich., on September 15, Alexander McNeil, aged 86 years.

HAMMELL—At Beeton, Mary Hammell, aged 39 years.

MUSSON—At Toronto, Mary Ann Musson.

CADE—At Thistledown, on September 12, Wm. Cade, aged 84 years.

BROWNJOHN—At Toronto, on September 12, Henry Brownjohn, aged 62 years.

BARTON—At Toronto, on September 10, John E. Barton, aged 18 years.

FOOL—At Newcastle, on September 4, John Fool, aged 76 years.

LA FONTAINE—At Toronto, on September 8, Louis N. La Fontaine, aged 53 years.

BATHGATE—At Beaverton, on August 30, James Bathgate, aged 84 years.

GERRY—At Toronto, on September 15, Emily Gerry.

LAWSON—At Galveston, Tex., on September 13, Jennie A. Lawson, aged 42 years.

ARGUE—At Toronto, Mary Luella Argue, aged 9 years.

JOHNSTON—At Orangeville, on September 9, Sarah Hazel Johnston, aged 4 years.

CHISHOLM—At Toronto, M. L. Chisholm, aged 23 years.

ANKER—At Toronto, on September 11, Caroline Anker, aged 71 years.

HUTTON—On August 27, Mary Hutton, aged 25 years.

JONES—At Toronto, on September 13, Frances M. Jones.

FERRAM—At Poona, India, on August 26, Sister Lydia Perram.

SAMSON—At Toronto, on September 13, Andrew Gibb Samson.

LANGLOIS—On September 11, Elizabeth Hunt Langlois.

MAXWELL—At Toronto, on September 11, Jennie Maxwell.

WHELAN—At Toronto, on September 14, Margaret Whelan, aged 79 years.

MILLETT—At Toronto, on September 14, John Millett, aged 46 years.

HIGGIN—At Toronto, on September 14, Adelaide Wilson Higgin aged 6 years.

MCARTHUR—At Toronto, on September 10, Gilbert Alexander McArthur, aged 5 years.

GOFORTH—At Lin Ching, Inland China, on July 25, Donald Marshall Goforth, aged 19 months.

GUNN—At Toronto, on September 12, John F. H. Gunn, aged 42 years.

TYRRELL—At Hamilton, on September 8, the infant daughter of James W. and Isabel Tyrrell.

MCNEIL—At Toronto, Mrs. Ann McNeil, aged 80 years.

DIMMOCK—At Toronto, on September 9, William M. Dimmock, aged 75 years.

NOAD—At Toronto, on September 8, William Street Noad, aged 62 years.

MONTEITH—At Hamilton, on September 11, Margaret Trout Monteith, aged 88 years.

NELSON—At Toronto, on September 16, Catherine Maria Mabella Nelson, aged 8 years.

TIME IS MONEY
You can get the best value in Watches
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G. E. TROREY
MANUFACTURING JEWELER
41 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street

This Young Man's Occupation is Gone

And our machines are now cleaning the Costly Carpets and Fine Rugs for the ladies of Toronto

We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. We are prepared to do all kinds of cleaning, fitting and laying (no chalce or ropes to tear your carpets). Grease spots removed. Open all the year. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth proof room for storing carpets. Send for price lists. Furniture repaired.

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A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS.

GRAND FALL OPENING
WE HAVE NOW RECEIVED OUR
FALL MANTLES
and on opening them up we find them far exceeding our own expectations as regards elegance and taste. They are undoubtedly the creme of the creme of this season's creations, and fully deserve the admiration of everyone. We have decided to have our **GRAND OPENING** of our
Mantle Department, on Saturday the 19th Inst.
and the following week, and we cordially invite every lady to inspect our new importations.
SPECIAL ATTENTION IS GIVEN TO LETTER ORDERS
H. S. MORISON & CO.
216 and 218 Yonge Street

OAK HALL

NEW SUITS FOR THE BOYS
Our full range of 2 and 3 piece suits is now in, and we can say without the least hesitation that for neatness and value we never showed anything like it before.
Parents should call.
OAK HALL
115 to 121 King Street East
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W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager

SPECIAL NOTICE.
Having just received by special importation an exceptionally fine line of fabrics for Fall and Winter wear, at the old address, No. 1 Rossin House Block.
Quiet, Genteel and Good will be the essentials this season for gentlemen's garments.
I am prepared to meet these requirements for good dressers.
HENRY A. TAYLOR, DESIGNER.

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71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada
Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.
RHEUMATISM
is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.
Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.
Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.
WOMEN
The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is a sure cure.
The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Disease of the Chest
Neuralgia	Spermatorrhea
Dyspepsia	Impotency
Sciatica	Sexual Exhaustion
Lumbago	Paralysis
General Debility	Spinal Disease
Liver Complaint	Nervous Complaints
Kidney Disease	Urinary Diseases
Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

CHALLENGE.
We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.
WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW
Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.
All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for illustrated Catalogue.
THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.
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Mention this paper.

NEW FALL GOODS
OUR MANTLE DISPLAY
FINER THAN EVER
Comprising all the Novelties of this Season
Choice Reefer Jackets, Elegant Three-quarter Coats, Plain and Trimmed with Fur.
Lovely Cloth Capes, Trimmed with Ostrich Tips, also Braided and Trimmed with Nail Heads.
INSPECTION INVITED.
Novelty Dress Goods
Beautiful Tweed Dress Goods, with Mohair Check and Stripes, also Spots. French designs, newest style, Ramage pattern, Black on Plain Color Grounds.
Stylish Robes in newest coloring, single length only.
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OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT
Is a special feature, and we invite correspondence from every town in Canada. Samples are kept ready, cut and made up.
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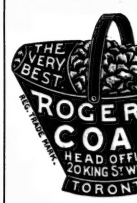

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578 Queen Street West
1352 Queen Street West
419 Spadina Avenue
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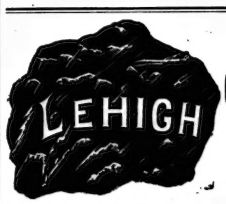

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